FREE

CKUT 90.3 FM
PROGRAMME GUIDE
NOVEMBER 1987
Vol. 2 No. 3

krak

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Cover photo of Bob Mould of Hüsker Dü by Owen Egan.

Thanks to the McGill Daily.

photo by Owen Egan

So when's CKUT going on air? That's probably the most popular question around these parts for the last little while. The annoying thing is not being able to give a definite date to anyone. Here's the lowdown. To become an FM station, you need a transmitter to sit on top of Mont Royal. Then you need to test your signal to make sure it doesn't interfere with any aircraft when they land at an airport. Well, we're still in that testing process. You'll hear as soon as we do.

As far as KRAK goes, things are looking well. Our September issue proved quite popular with a good amount of positive feedback, and I hope the same goes for this issue. We have some new staff members, with fresh ideas and outlooks which should prove positive.

If you wonder about KRAK's somewhat irregualr schedule at times, it's due to an unwritten rule that if KRAK doesn't pay for itself through advertising, it doesn't publish. We simply cannot afford to lose any more money. Not that it's been really bad financially in the past, it's just that we think it's a smarter approach. Our advertising staff is working hard, and we should be following a regular schedule for the next few months. What we would like to see from you, the reader, is more feedback. Likes, dislikes, whatever, send us a letter and let us know what you think, okay?

The only major change starting with this issue is that co-editor Jenn Allen has resigned from her position and has returned to the wilds of Wolfville, Nova Scotia. Jenn was essential in getting this paper off the ground over a year and a half ago, and will be missed around here. She's not completely gone, and will be contributing from time to time from Nova Scotia. Right now, the ball is in my hands alone, so some feedback would be most appreciated. Our next issue should be out by mid-December and will feature complete FM programming and information, so stay tuned.

Patrick Hamou

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DEJA VOODOO

THEN, BACKSTAGE, AFTER A WILD ROCK 'N ROLL PARTY...
YOU'D THINK THAT AFTER A WILD ROCK 'N ROLL PARTY, WE'D HAVE SOME GROUPIES OR FANS, OR VISITS FROM BANDS THAT WANT TO OPEN FOR US...
THEY DON'T ENJOY OUR STUFF!

WELL, MAYBE IF WE DIDN'T KEEP THIS ROTTING HAMBURGER BACKSTAGE!
WE COULD ALWAYS SELL IT TO BURGER-"QUEEN"!
NEEDLESS TO SAY, THEY'VE SWITCHED TO CHICKEN...

URbaN NoTES

-Well, get out your smocks, it's barbeque time again! Gerard and Tony get ready to serve up 100 lbs. of chicken and gumbo on December 19th. Due to the huge success of last year's BBQ, they've decided to move the event over to the Paladium on Berri Street to accomodate the even larger expected turn-out. Entertainment will be provided by the likes of the **Dik Van Dykes**, **E.J. Brulé**, **Jerry Jerry and the Sons of Rhythm Orchestra**, **The Gruesomes**, **Chris Houston** (lets hope he makes it up this year), **Deja Voodoo** (who?) and **Condition**. Tickets go on sale on Hallowe'en, $4 dollars advance, $6 at the door, available at all ticketron outlets.

Deja Voodoo have just returned from a very sucessful tour of the West, including a date in Vancouver in which **Ray Condo** opened up for them with a solo set. And he seems to be doing fine. Tony says the bands' following just keeps growing, especially out West, and some people are expected to fly in from out there just to attend the barbeque. Also, 'The Worst of . . . ' is expected to go to a second pressing very soon, because Og is all out! Looks like quitting your day jobs was a smart move guys!

If that's not enough, Toronto is about to be graced with it's first B.B.Q. as well. It's all set to happen at the RPM Club, and the roster is pretty much the same, except for "Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet" and "Bagg Team", who are on the Toronto bill. It's all set to happen on Dec. 3rd.

COMME UN BOOMERANG

Salut les rats et bienvenu au monde délicieusement perverti de Comme un Boomerang. Keskis passe en ville?...mouais c'est ça...on sait pas trop quoi foutre. On t'a encore refusé au Business?... T'en as marre de faire le zombie aux Fesses?...fais que...What to do?...Vu que t'es pas prêt pour la grosse virée down town disco Crescent...(ça viendra t'inquiètes). Donc il te reste quelques pulsions juvéniles boutoneuses n'n'r. Comment se débarasser de ces excroissances malsaines? Pisser à la porte du Poodles? Vomir au Lux? Peter dans le métro à l'heure de pointe?... bof...Nah!

En fait y a rien à foutre dans cette ville. Mais on peut quand même fair semblant. Tout d'abord y a ce festival mignon tout plein. PHRANCOFUNS qu'ils l'appèlent...avec un paquet de groupes d'icite et d'ailleurs. Ça a commencé le 7 octobre avec les INFIDELS (from Parissse) au pop joyeux sur fonds de guitares novo U2-esque ...beurk...ze Edge...gulps...burps...merci! Début pénible mais hey! y en a à qui ça a plu.

Mercredi le LOUP BAR a remis ça avec un combo de Québec: les MAL AIMES. Look'hardeux du dimanche, bonne énergie pis un chanteur bassiste qui joue sur un clavier. (sic) Ils font presque que des reprises: Gainsbourg, Dutronc, Gainsbourg, Bérurier Noir (all right!) Gainsbourg et pour finir...Gainsbourg! Pas vraiment mémorable mais toujours mieux que de se faire escroquer au Spectrum pour voir Hüsker Dou. Eux y m'font chier! Pis y font juste confirmer l'équation: hardcore=progressif hippifié. Bons sentiments et intellectualisme aux chiottes. Par ici la sortie...flush!

Revenons en à nos moutons. Le LOUP BAR présente donc chaque mercredi un groupe de rock (wow ça existe?) francophone (What's that?). Et sur leur calendrier pour les deux prochains mois je vois de bons plans à venir. Parazit, Taches, etc...

Primo les PARAZIT qui chantent en anglais et en french. Du punk rock (Dead Boys, Stooges, Damned, Pistols...)de petites teignes. Dutronc meets Motorhead. Ils viennent du coin où on cultive les bleuets et les MTS (Lac St. Jean). Ils vivent maintenant sur la rive Sud et travaillent dans une usine qu'ils quitteront momentanément pour martyriser vos délicates oreilles de riffs en métal bien trempé. Absolument immanquable, le 25 novembre.

Beaucoup plus tard... voilà je vous l'annonce en primeur...c'est confirmé...l'arrivée du groupe français dont tout le monde parle, les sauvages du rock fort, les brutes du punk gaulois...Vous voyez de qui je cause?...oui!...non?...Les Berurier noir?... non! perdu, fausse alerte. C'est pas eux (enfin pas pour tout de suite) mais quelque chose de tout proche, presque l'equivalent: les GARÇONS BOUCHERS. Hein!? Qui c'est ceusse-là? Si vous avez un vidéo, un 33t. et trois 45t. Plus un hymne qui étanchera toutes vos soifs infernales: la BIERE. Avec un titre comme ça c'est tout vu. Pas d'erreur sur la marchandise. Rock'core...gonel qu'on égorge...du sang, d'la trippe, d'la cerveza...les bidoches en folie...rire gras...Gargantua en botte d'armée. Les GB c'est la pointe de l'iceberg derrière eux y a une foultitude de groupes prêts à envahir nos clubs asceptisés. Préparez vos tabliers les GARÇONS BOUCHER seront au Québec du 2 décembre au 16 décembre à l'Usine, au Café Campus (P'tête) etc...

Sinon si vous êtes pas du genre sorteux. Si la boucane, les mauvaises haleines, et les parfums cheaps vous incommodent et que vous préférez le comfort de votre hi fi. Style aventurier du living room, vous pouvez toujours brancher ces petites merveilles sur votre platine:

-Les SHERIFFS "Pan" (Gougnaf) froom Montpellier bèby, les Ramones en français, rien que ça! Le nouveau BERURIER NOIR moins bon que les deux précédents mais recette gagnante malgré tout. Les ANGRY SAMOANS "Inside my Brain" plus lents qu'avant et bien mieux arrangés. PARABELLUM ep 4 titres "Joyeux Noël" aux paroles corrosives et au rock fracassant. OHT froom Montpellier z again, leur 2e lp est indispensable zique irréprochable et paroles anthologiques. Exemple:"Chassez le naturel il revient au galop, le naturel c'est le chaos." Le plus vieux groupe punk français avec la Souris Déglinguée encore en activité. Fais que...z'ont du mettier pis ça sent. Pour finir des affreux new-yorkais inédits (genre Sonic Youth): PUSSY GALORE. Eux y s'exitent sur leurs guitares en parlant de cul, de con, de foutre et de merde. Syndrome pipi caca déjà vu. N'empêche c'est salement adictif leurs bruits. D'après mon collègue Flipped Out je devrais faire une intro pour les lecteurs tout perdus. Déjà la rubrique est en français. Damned! Ça élimine un gros public...les anglais normal qui lisent pas french, pis les alternatifs francophones snobs qui bavent sur le rock à fond latin parce que ça ressemble pas à leur soupe habituelle:Nui Order, Bécho & ze Bunnymen. Donc v'la nos intentions: vous éclairer sans prêcher sur les joies du rock franco mais pas exclushement. A bon entendeur salut...

Larson Nick

In the "better late than never" category, **Psyche-Industry** Records is at last pleased to announce the second annual Psyche-Fest, a highly succesful showcase for established as well as up-and-coming Montréal alternative talent.

Sticking closely to last year's well-received format, this year's Psyche-Fest will again showcase18 bands over three nights: Thursday Dec. 3rd/Friday Dec. 4th/ and Saturday Dec. 5th. Doors will open each night at 9pm, with the six bands nightly playing between 10pm and 2am. The sights this year will be the Blackight Tavern (1417 St-Laurent at Ste-Catherine); the nightly admission fee will be $5.00.

The first Psyche-Fest, held in early July of last year, was very well received by the public: Le Tonic, with a capacity of over 400, was filled to overflowing each of the three nights. For the bands involved, Psyche-Fest has and will offer a well-publicized and well-attended opportunity for exposure (so often difficult to muster up in Montréal); for Psyche-Industry, the funds so derived enable us to continue in our self-assumed Don Quixote role, drawing unique and vibrant Canadian bands out into the international spotlight (or thereabouts).

Dec. 3/4/5 1987
Blacklight Tavern
1417 boul. St-Laurent
18 bands (6 per night)

A COUPLE OF FUNNY GUYS

by Christine Long

I had the opportunity to "interview" half of the Montreal band Two Men Laughing, Tom Guay, during which we listened to their material, old and soon to be released. The other half of the band is Dave Garside who plays keyboards to Tom's vocals and guitar along with Eric Davis on drums. The band was formed a year ago, they had similar ideas of playing a particular type of music that is not currently overly popular in Montreal, "urban death disco" or "death goes dancing" as Tom graphically phrases it, yet, they had plenty of success abroad.

Last year the band recorded the single "Imprisoned Lorrie" to test the waters here, it was accompanied by a B-side that Tom didn't wish to discuss. It was released on Neptune Records and distributed by Dave and Tom. After a few shows around town the 2 Men found that "this 60's ska thing" gave them plenty of trouble filling venues. So they began to send their single to Benoit Dufresne of CHOM FM and because of Neptune's bad reputation their single was almost overlooked by Benoit, but, fortunately wasn't. January 1987 on CHOM's New Music Foundation Benoit referred to Two Men Laughing as "Brilliant" and "incredibly different from most everything out and about the Montreal music scene these days" then he played their single "Imprisoned Lorrie".

The band made No.17 on the N.M.F. alternative Top 40 of February '87, being the highest ranking Canadian band for quite some time. Still, regardless of that coverage Dave and Tom had basically given up on the Montreal music scene and concentrated on organizing a tight group of back-up musicians comprised of: Johnny Death (drums) and Perfect Tommy (bass), both from the band 1313, and theu added a great driving dance rhythm to Two Men. Concurrently, Tom had put together press packages which were sent to various record companies in Denmark, Belgium, and France which resulted in responses from G.M.E. Division in Paris and Seba Funebre in Poitier, France. Consequently, they decided that progress required the band to develop their music in the places which were receptive.

While preparations were being made for a European tour the band played the spectrum (April '87) as the headlining act of the Vanier College Battle of the Bands. Then, the following month they played Thunderdome and again the band and their show of smoke, sadism and death-worshipping was received well. Apart from that, CHOM's N.M.F. did a three song information feature on the Two Men Laughing, but, despite the growing popularity, the band left for Paris in mid-July to start their European tour that would span France, Italy and Switzerland.

They played La Porte Noir in Paris to an enthusiastic crowd of 500 and spent the days doing promotional work and working on a video , all of which continued on into Poitier. In Milan they played the Club Plastique and were pleased to see that the alternative scene there was dominated by bands of similar style, therefore, they were accepted quickly. Next stop was Lausanne where they played Le Mirage and then returned to Paris, their home base, where they completed their tour.

Tom believes that 1988 will be the year 2 Men will finally surface in Montreal because of the delayed reaction we have to what comes out of Europe. Since they have returned they completed the video which will accompany the 12" "Dead Or Alive" which is to be released in early November.

The 12" "Dead Or Alive" will be composed of the revised European version of "Imprisoned Lorrie" , "Touch You" and the title track "Dead Or Alive". I've listened to the EP and I have to say I was impressed. Their style is similar to that of the Jesus & Mary Chain, they've achieved a more professional sound even with that characteristic wall of feedback. Although they've only been together for a year this band knows what they are doing and what they want. Their music exemplifies this directness. Already they are back in the studio recording another EP.

Recently the band was in New Hampshire discussing an American distribution and designing an expensive cover for their upcoming release with Bob St.John, "a grotesque image of the border between life and death". They're extremely pleased with the results and are doing promotional work in Vermont with more trips being scheduled.

In the Spring of'88 the 2 Men will be doing another European tour (Monaco, France, Belgium) at which point they should have their second 12" on the market.

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GO-BETWEENS

by Egg

The Go-Betweens - haven't you heard of them? They'be been around for ten years, travelled the world and recorded for several record labels, but still haven't quite made themselves known. They were formed in Australia where local singer Robert and bassist Grant attended university together, and the the entire band has been in England for the last five years. They recently wrapped up a six-month tour, and one of the last three concerts was at Club Soda on on September 29.

The show attracted a varied crowd. I asked Grant if he noticed any trends or difference in people who attend their shows. "No, the same four people get on a plane and follow us from continent to continent . . . Actually, we get all sorts - headbangers, older people, even 12-year olds . . . But they have to hang around outside the bars and listen."

When asked if they were attempting to aim at any particular audience Grant responded, "If youl play well, it doesn't matter where you are or who your audience is."

The Go-Betweens were a four-piece band until their most recent album, "Tahlulah". The new member is Amanda who plays violin and oboe - (yes, violin and oboe). This touch gives the band an intriguing twist. Said Amanda, "When I was younger and studying violin I never expected to play for a rock group. I've played with symphony orchestras in both Sydney and London." She added that she enjoys both styles of performance.

Grant and Robert write the songs for the group. "Our personal views don't enter into them. People who listen have to make up their own minds - I'm not a teacher." And style? The Gazette called them new wave. Not quite, but Grant nearly flinched at the mention of the word alternative. "Music journalists are always tying to categorize bands," he said with a scowl. (Oops.) He listed some of his personal favourites as Kate Bush, R.E.M., and Prince.

I asked whether feminist sentiment exists between the three male and two female members of the band. Grant said, "If you look in terms of the books they've read, in terms of books going around on this tour, yes." Amanda commented, "I think feminism influences the group a personal way. It influences the people in the band but not the people listening to the band."

Grant added finally, "Lindy (drums) went through a million feminist phases in the early 70's."

The Go-Betweens were obviously worn after their long tour. Grant said he was also homesick for Australia. "I miss the openness, the cleanliness, and the climate. I'm looking forward to a surfing holiday."

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FOUR COLOUR MADNESS

by Peter Black

This month let's take a trip back in time, to the middle of August 1942. (Time Travel Sound Effect)

It is a hot and muggy summer day as little Jimmy Jones walks into his local corner store to spend the 20 cents that he got for doing his weekly chores. Old Pop Tate is behind the counter and he waves and smiles at Jimmy. Jimmy goes through the newly arrived comic books and selects a Donald Duck comic about pirates. He purchases it, a coke, and a big bag of penny candy. Sipping noisily on the Coke he leaves the store and goes home for an afternoon of pirates, gold treasure, and adventure.

Years go by and Jimmy continues to buy comics. He buys all different sorts, that come and go, but somehow he still feels a great attachment to that 1942 Duck comic. He keeps it all his life and reads the story to his kids.

It is now 1987 and Jimmy is 51 years old. While out shopping, he stumbles upon a comic shop and notices thousands of comics in little plastic bags selling for outrageous prices. He asks about his Donald Duck comic and finds out that "Four colour #9: Donal Duck Finds Pirate Gold" is worthh over $2000.00 in mint condition. Jimmy leaves the store a wiser man.

In another reality, another Jimmy Jones sells his Donald Duck #9 for 10 cents in a garage sale and is none the wiser. This brings us to the fact that comics are indeed worth money. How much depends upon a variety of factors: age, condition and mostly if anyone really wants it or not.

Comic books are a finite commodity. Once a comic is printed, it is usually not reprinted. If it is, it wig be labelled as such. Therefore, there are a finite number of collectanble comics on the marketplace. Since comics have, until recently, been treated as a throwaway item, very few copies of comics from the the 30's and 40's have survived the passage of time intact. Comics from the 50's are also scarce. It was not until the 60's that people seriously started to collect comics.

There is a Comic Book Price Guide which is now in its 17th year of publication. It lists the approximate value of every comic ever published in three different conditions: good, fine, and mint.

Good
means well read.

Fine
is a really nice copy with a few flaws.

Mint
means untouched by human hands.

Here are a few examples:

Good	Fine	Mint
Action #1 (1938 - First Superman)		
$4,000.00	$12,000.00	$25.000.00
Detective #27 (1939 - First Batman)		
$2,800.00	$8,400.00	$17,500.00
Fantastic Four #1 (1961)		
$130.00	$500.00	$1,250.00
Amazing Fantasy #15 (1962)		
$120.00	$500.00	$1,200.00

As you can see, condition is of prime concern in the value of a comic. A mint copy of Amazing Fantasy #15, which features the first appearance of Spiderman, recently sold for $2206.00. Unfortunately this comic will probably never be touched by human hands. It will probably be hermetically sealed in 10 mil. Mylar and then have all the air sucked out of the bag and replaced with some form of poisonous inert gas that will hopefully prolong the life of the cheap, crummpy pulp paper that it is printed on. Yes it is a fact! Comic books are self rotting. There are acids that are left in paper when it is manufactured that cause comics to yellow and age.

People are going to hugely expensive procesases and procedures to preserve aging comic books. These include whitening of the pages, recolouring, invisible repairs of rips and tears, etc. These are all done to supposedly restore the comic to its original condition.

As a collector myself, I enjoy the smell of old rotting pulp paper. It smells old and musty and full of memories. I like the feel and texture of the well-worn pages. But most of all, I like to read the old stories and enjoy them for what they are, recordings of other times and other places. This all boils down to the fact that I think comics should be read and enjoyed and passed around.

I don't store my comics in plastic bags with acid-free backing boards and special "keep the air out" tape. I do store them unbagged in acid free boxes and I can find and read any of them in seconds. When I want to read them, I don't wear gloves and I never hold them up to the light looking for micro-folds or bends. I just read and enjoy. Some people are just too fussy. Someone recently asked me if I had a mint copy of a comic he was holding. I asked what was wrong with the one he had. He replied that there was a nano-nick on the back cover. To the uninitiated, a nano-nick is a small rip less than on micron long that can only detected with advanced scanning electronic technology.

Obviously this person didn't want to read the comic. He just wanted an absolutely perfect copy. This person could have been one of The Dark Lords of Comic Collecting - The Speculator.

The Speculator

The speculator is a vile breed of collector. He doesn't buy one X-Men. He buys 50 copies and then sits on them for a few years until they have risen in value and then he sells them. My biggest beef against speculators is that they take large quantities of comics off the market, thereby creating an artificial demand.

Let us assume that I order 200 copies of Flash Flasher #1. Now this comic is being drawn by a fan favorite, so I figure most of my customers will buy it. The day Flash Flasher #1 comes in, a guy walks in and buys 50 copies. I sell out within a few days. Now people are coming in and asking for Flash Flasher #1 and I don't have any and my distributor doesn't have any. So now I've got about 50 people all looking for a comic that I have no more of. Meanwhile, the speculator sits back and watches Flash Flasher rise to $10.00 in value over a period of six months. This is artificial inflation of value and it runs rampant in the comic book industry. Consequently, I will not sell multiple copies, more than 3, to anybody.

People also seem to be obsessed with cash value over artistic value. Some kids were just here looking at the wall. "Dark Knight #1 - $25.00 wow!! I'm rich" not "Gee, what a great Frank Miller comic."

Art for arts sake. That is what comics are really all about. If you read them and you enjoy them, that's all you can ask for. If they become valuable at a future date, that's great, and maybe when you're 60, you will sell them and retire. But if you're like me, you'll probably hang onto them, like old friends, until the day you die . . .

Next Issue: Undergrounds.

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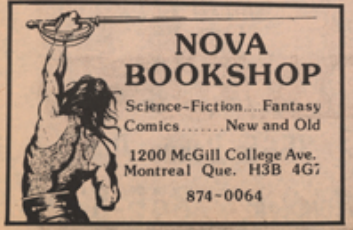
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Shootin' the shit with S.N.F.U.

If you weren't eating sardines Sept. 15th or 16th, you might have been impersonating one, like me, when SNFU stopped in Montreal mid-way through a quick Canadian and Northern U.S. tour to play two shows in a railway cargo car otherwise know as Station 10. The stage was only raised about as high as the second lace-hole on my mom's DM's, but for three bucks, you can't always expect a view, too.

SNFU played without a warm-up band Tuesday 'cos I guess no one else wanted to play. . . I swore I'd catch no fish, but I caught SNFU instead and was in for one of Canada's best live hardcore acts. Lead singer Chi Pig leaped, strutted, and wise-cracked ("Who does your hair?" he called out to a kid whose head looked like an industrial-strength pin cushion, "- Black & Decker?") his way through two frantic sets of slam-danceable lunacy. The rest of the band, including a new bass player, did a great job too, despite not even having any monitors to hear themselves with.

Brent and MUC / Mark (twins, and both on guitars) and Ted (drums) met with me the following night at Bar St. Laurent. Although they later admitted that they'd wanted to go to that night's baseball game, Bar St. Laurent's charm (?) or mine (!) won them over soon enough. We found a table in the corner and started gabbing. As the place started to slowly fill up, I found out that SNFU had plenty of good tour stories that they were more than glad to share.

"A cat shit on my clothes once!" (Ted). Okay, so that wasn't the best one.

BRENT: "In St Louis - we were gonna stay at this guy's place, he lived like an hour and a half away. We finally get there, us and this other band, about 20 of us - and we get all settled and the guy's father wakes up and he's goin' Matt! Matt! (Brent adopts raspy house-wife voice) 'it's three o'clock in the shittin' mornin'!' . . . and he's gettin' real mad shys. . . so he gave us 80 bucks to get a hotel room! So we said OK. . . " Would YOU let SNFU sleep in YOUR livingroom?

MUC reminded Brent about the holdog.

BRENT: "Mark threw a hotdog once but some skinhead didn't like that and was gonna kill him, I guess - no big deal though."

And the time in San Diego: "These skinheads wanted to beat us all up. . . "

I'd noticed the night before that the audience weren't all the type of boys you'd take to your grandmother's tea party. MUC admitted there was unfortunately often a lot of aggression at their shows. "I'm kind of against a lot of aggressive dancing," he said, "like people just hurting each other for no reason, right? But then I look at it and we're playing this music that obviously a lot of guys get worked up about. . . I think if you watch our band, though, Ken doesn't look aggressive as a lead person - he just looks totally goofy!"

I'll vouch for that. To keep the audience at Station 10 busy, Chi threw them an inflated beach ball that miraculously didn't burst between a pair of colliding revellers. Mark described previous projectiles of food: popcorn, puffed rice, puffed wheat. . . One time, the grossest thing was an octopus, he threw an octopus around - a REAL octopus! It stunk - it went splat against the wall, came back, hit Dave . . . we got it on video." I wonder what Martin Scorcese would do with that footage.

Speaking of videos, the boys have one for "Black Cloud".

(MUC) MARK: "It was supposed to be like this so-called famous movie that none of us have ever heard of, with this guy playing chess with death. . . they dressed Ken [Chi] up like an old man, with makeup and a moustache and stuff, he looked like an 80 year-old Chinese Hall Linden [laughter]. It turned out to be really neat, but I didn't like it."

The conversation eventually slid to skateboarding.

MARK: "Skateboarding is one of the reasons I got into punk rock - not the only reason, but part of it - 'cause we used to read all the skateboarding magazines and stuff, right, and when punk was getting really popular in California, they'd have all these articles on Black Flag. . . "

BRENT: "Actually, the one person I probably skated with the most was Curtis, I guess before he ever joined the band, that's how I know him . . . but we don't call ourselves a skate band or anything. Skateboarding kind of turns off a lot of older people, I don't know why." (moment of reflection. . .) "Like Hardcore!"

You'd think that with an album title like "If You Swear You'll Catch No Fish," these guys would be pro fisherman.

"I'd rather golf" (Brent). Turns out, none of them like fishing except Curtis, who caught a fish. . . once.

BRENT: "Mark's be going on golfin' and fishin' trips - just wait, in five years. . . Mark makes a correction: "-Twenty-Five years."

I wouldn't be so sure about that - I heard that with the money they made on their last tour - after their salaries - they bought a 1967 deluxe touring van, bunks and all. . . Alert Weitmountz: SNFU may soon be playing at a golf course near you. . .

If you've ever wondered what SNFU actually stand for, the band had a few suggestions. The most printable one was "Sausages Never Fry Unevenly", "Systematic New Funk Unit" is what they explained when crossing the border at Detroit. "That was good," laughed MUC, ". . but we were all white!" (They still are, by the way).

These guys may play tough music but they confessed that they'd go on tour with Madonna anytime. While Jerry Lee Lewis crooned over the bar's speakers we talked about Chi's incredible toy collection - an assortment of skeletons and old mechanical contraptions, and we marvelled at the flux of bands to come out of Edmonton in the past while. Jerry Jerry (currently in limbo), who are originally Edmontonians, K.D. Lang, Junior Gone Wild, and of course, SNFU, are some of their finest.

With plans to go into the studio in early '88, we can probably expect to see SNFU back on tour next year. Treat yourself toa night out, go see them and maybe treat them to a beer after the show. But if you decide to offer them accomodation . . . just check it out with Dad first, OK?

by
Annabelle

VOICE OF AMERICA

Come with me into the dark.

'Round where the Mississippi runs out of steam and surrenders to the Gulf of Mexico is some of the poorest country in the United States. Even today parts of Mississippi and Louisiana are populated by poor men and their families living in grey-wood shacks, surviving on low wages. It's been that way for generations, since before the time of the great move north towards Chicago and Detroit in search of work; the deep south hasn't changed much since the time Robert Johnson was alive.

Even today, some men still drive around the back-country in old cars, tape-recorders on the seat beside them, looking for the unfamous bluesmen - finding them and recording them before they die away. Fifty years ago similar explorers, wire- recorders ready, drove the same country, looking for "Indiginous Folk musics " for the Library of Congress. One man among many they found was RobertJohnson, maybe twenty years old, never ten miles from the farm on which he'd been born and worked. Robert Johnson was different from the others - the Devil had taught him to play guitar and he was the best blues singer alive.

The white recording engineers were charmed by the quaint tale, but overwhelmed by the the excellence of his material. Out of the young man came paranoid, evil lyrics full of poisoned sorrow, all wrapped in a distinct slide-technique built on rhythmic bass-lines and jagged, trembling notes moving in between. Quickly a recording session was set up and Johnson brought in.

They didn't know what a strange man they'd stumbled upon. Both angry and naive, it seemed he couldn't function in normal society. Before his first session he was arrested for drunkeness, his guitar smashed across his head by the police. He only knew what he wanted and that he had to get it. He wanted women, booze, and enough money to make sure he could get more of both tomorrow. The wire-recorder man found him difficult to deal with; the same man who roared in the streets was so shy he insisted on recording with his back to the engineers and the lights down low.

Recorded in those sessions of 1935 were all-time blues standards still covered today: "Preachin' Blues", "Love in Vain", "Come In My Kitchen", "Crossroad Blues". Songs of violent love and death and of the mystery in the land where at the crossroads waits the devil. Then Robert Johnson went home - and vanished.

In 1939 John Hammond sought to put on a showcase of Blues at Carlfagie Hall, and having found Robert Johnson's address, decided Johnson had to be in the show. It was soon discovered, however, that Johnson had died three years before, poisoned by a jealous girlfriend. Despite this, Hammond pushed to keep Johnson's music in circulation, to today (a double-album set of all the original masters of the Johnson sessions, "King of the Delta Bluesman" is available in Canada).

Dead at twenty-one, poisoned, Robert Johnson almost seemed destined to die very young because of his talent. The depth of emotion contained in his songs, the blues - "essence" only a 'cool' would try to verbalize - there was so much within him that came out, despite the lack of education or acclaim. Obviously an artist doesn't need these things. It's the "knowledge" or mystery that gives Johnson's music its intensity, and its staying-power. Listening to the old hazy, monophonic recordings one is touched by something unseen, unknown - but there, as if behind this door, under the floor something - something is there. The few facts of Johnson's life fuel this sense of mystery; no photograph or accurate description of him remains. We have no proof of his existence except his recordings. Some people were found who had seen him play dances and picnics (including one Mckinley Morganfield, better known as "Muddy Waters") and told of his old disappearance for a "year" at age sixteen; when he'd left he'd been semi-talented, but not very, but when he returned he'd become a master of the slide-guitar, and of song-writing. Maybe he did hang 'round with - The Devil? It's a pretty old story... though usually the oldest ones come closest to the truth; The man was unknown and almost vanished completely, yet he is "the king" of country-blues. The unknown was an elemental part of everything that was Robert Johnson. It made him great. His Mystery makes him eternal.

No other American performer has approached Johnson's deep knowledge of "evil", of "mystery" - of not not so enraptured and wrapped up in sophistication and logic and sense. Maybe Dylan, as his motorcycle started to skid, maybe Charlie Parker. Maybe. In American music Robert Johnson was the only performer who was able to maintain his personality while unleashing the absolute fluid of his soul. He walked the cold dark road and sang in its face. You can hear him singing, if you stop and listen, let yourself listen. Hear him? His tattery voice? He's singing "Come with me into the dark. . . "

Jeoffrey Bull

ON TAPE

by Paul Bisson

I've heard a lot of derogatory thinngs about the cassette format, but nonetheless it remains the least expensive means for new bands to get their music to the people. If you like the demos you hear on CKUT let us know. It's your support that may get these bands on vinyl.

In this edition of ON TAPE we'll be looking at two bands from Ottawa and another couple form Toronto. That damn central Canadian bias rears its ugly head yet again. Hey, you people from the west and the east send us some of your material. On est tres content de recevoir des cassettes en francais.

Let's park the cassette deck in Toronto for awhile. New out of Hogtown is the second demo tape by THE PO. This four member band consists of a person on guitar, sax and bocals as well as the traditional trio on bass, keyboards, and percussion. The cassette consists of four tracks, rather than being analytical, I decide to have a few beers and review the music according to how it made me feel. The tape comes in contact with the heads of my cassette deck, the digital meters tell me something is playing, but my mind fails to pay attention. I force myself to listen and the first thought is that it sounds Yes meets Genesis except the vocals aren't as annoying. We pass on to material with a jazzy, dreamy texture and then some nearly top forty clone tune. Overall this stuff sounds very undistinctive and doesn't tempt me to continue listening, so I stop and have another beer.

Next to be dragged through the pinch rollers is Toronto's self-proclaimed cliche rock band, Big Daddy. For the benefit of headphone listeners I've included comments in this review regarding the suitability of the music for the speakers-glued-to-your-ears format. Side B seems to be a fun place to start so I plug in my headphones, turn up the volume and am immediately assaulted by fuzz guitar in my left ear. Interesting things are also going on in my right ear: there's a certain rhythm riff (say those last two words ten times fast) that makes headphones an advantage. This stuff is basically hard-driving rock and roll with vocals to match and nothing you haven't heard before, but it sounds okay. Do not expect intelligent lyrics from these four, especially with names like Todd Terrific. As an example of their lyrical virtuosity, I offer this snipet: "my baby used to hang out in bars that is before she got hit by a car". Morrisey of Costello these guys are not. In their song "Picture of Elvis" , they propose to dig up the King and pit him back on his throne. It seems everywhere you go somebody's trying to exhume Mr. Presley, but the man IS dead and an appropriate goodbye song expressing thanks is performed by Philip Lynott on "Solo in Soho". There is a lot of yelling and screaming, the overall effect being a "hey I'm really wasted" type of music. If you listen with headphones you will enjoy the funky guitar alternating from ear to ear. Oh, and I must not forget the track recorded backwards, the last piece (satanic I bet). Here's the fun part...try to play your cassette deck backwards.

Next comes sounds of Ottawa on cassette. The two selections here are also taken from the catalogue of Snowy Rivers records.

Our first selection is the debut album of Terry Tufts, (entitled simply "Terry Tufts") which is also available somewhere on this planet in vinyl. His music is of the folk genre, approaching the style of Vaidy. The opening song, an acappella, reminds me of early Jethro Tull, but let that fool you. This is very traditional folk with a slight country twist. His songs contain beautiful lyrical passages and include, of course, the ubiquitous love ballad. His voice has the clear quality you expect from folk singers (unless your preference is for the Bob Dylan stream) and the instrumentation is uncluttered and well done. Finally, I've saved the best for last with Terry's revelation in "Back porch Symphony" that all you need to get by is a pitcher full of beer.

Our selection from Ottawa also adopts the name of the author as the title of the album, namely "Lynn Miles." As compared with Terry Tufts, it is more difficult to call this folk music; sufficeit to say that the style is folk which verges on the top forty. Lynn has a soft, inviting, warm voice that imparts an almost dream-like quality to certain songs. Her humourous commentary in the song "The Human Race" on the subject matter of the title is refreshing, though she pushes the beat a bit. She suggests , for example, that if you get lonely you can always have your car talk to you, though a command to "fasten your seatbelts please" isn't exactly stimulating conversation. Overall, I feel that this is good music , although too polished for my tastes.

If you are an artist and have recorded your own music on tape, please send us a copy. Demo cassettes are actively promoted by CKUT and it is in the interest of the music community that we hear you on the airwaves.

The summer of '87. Kind of rolls off the tongue, doesn't it, conjuring up images of innocence lost at the hands of an older, gentle woman, or of a small boy learning of life by watching an orphaned baby deer grow to maturity, or, perhaps, of a few guys just pissin' the days away with a few six-packs and a leaky fishing boat. The summer of '87. Sounds so nice, doesn't it? Well, it wasn't. And, as I write this, I can't help wondering if maybe it wouldn't have been better to skip the whole season and slide directly back into winter.

We're all aware of the tragedies and near tragedies that have struck our local music scene: Kim Shadow's death and the Gruesomes' impromtu stunt driving to name but two. But I'm speaking personally here. I'm sorry, but I'm only human and the painfully immediate has always affected me a tad stronger than the abstract. And somewhere along the line, as a result of these painfully immediate circumstances, someone has replaced me with an adult. I tried my darndest to stop it from happening, but a bout with cancer (not me, but someone I love), major injuries sustained by close friends, three suicide attempts (again, not me, though it has crossed my mind), MAJOR DEBTS (if that doesn't turn you into an adult, nothing will), the death of a very close friend, a life I can't stand, and a sink full of dirty dishes have taken their toll. Top the summer off with being hit in the head with a beer bottle and the process is complete.

At 26, I'm far more tired than I should or should have any right to be.

So as each dead-end day follows dead-end day and I grow more and more tired, I begin to sympathise a little with those loons who climb towers, walk into McDonald's or sit in the windows of their apartments, armed to the teeth with automatic weaponry and rotting hopes randomly turning passers-by into pools of blood. But I've been cursed with a relatively even keel and so I know that big blow-out will never come. So I won't be able to count on the government for free room and board for the rest of my misspent days.

But the summer is but a season, a mere three months and they're just about over. As I write this, the leaves have already begun to take on the colours of autumn. And, somehow, being surrounded by all that death is strangely comforting.

So, here's to you, the summer of '87. I hope your death is a slow and painful one.

kerry scott fantie

JR. GONE WILD

by Patrick H.

Edmonton, ed-mun-tun, city, Alberta, Canada, the capital and largest city of the province and the most northernly major city on the continent, located on both banks of the North Saskatchewan River, about 300 miles north of the international boundary. It's population is cosmopolitan in character; about 55 percent is of British origin and 42 percent of continental European extraction. About three quarters of the people of Edmonton were born in Alberta. The largest religious denominations are the United Church of Canada, Roman Catholic, Church of England, Lutheran, Presbyterian, and Greek Orthodox, in the order named.

Such is the opening paragraph on Edmonton, according to Encyclopedia Americana, pg. 589, volume 9. They fail to mention the city's musical contributions to the rest of the country. All right, maybe JR. GONE WILD aren't quite ready yet for encyclopedia mention just yet, but they are responsible for an LP entitled 'Less Art-More Pop', which spent quite a huge amount of time on my turntable this past summer; and it's full of three minute jangly-pop gems, perfect warm breeze music. They recently spent close to three weeks in and out of town, gigging here and there, and basically just basking in many of this city's fine offerings (though mostly logging good time at Bar St. Laurent). As I hopped on the 55 bus to meet them at (surprise!) Bar St. Laurent, things went through my mind as I shuffled my way up the stairs (20 minutes late no less). What will they be like? (1) Young, thoughtful musicians? (2) Guys stuck in the sixties complete with paisley shirts? (3) Or simple guys from the north who have an ongoing love affair with beer? The answer. Well definitely 1 and 3, but you can throw number 2 out the window. JR. have done the same actually. Twenty minutes out of Edmonton, they threw out all those silly skinny neck ties and the rest of their 'apparell' that you can see them wearing in press photos and on the album's inner sleeve. It just isn't them they claim.

I sat down with Mike MacDonald (vocals, guitars) and Dave "Dove" Brown, ordered some beer , lighted cigarettes, and asked how this whole thing started in the first place. "We got together about 3 years ago", says Mike, "Dave Lawson (guitar) and I had an uncontrollable urge to make another band after the various bands we had been in failed. Dave and Ed Dobek (drums) joined soon after". "Edmonton is a great city to start a band in" he continues, "there's not that many people, and if a band gets started, everybody gives that band a chance. A city like Toronto, there's hundreds of bands, and I assume most of them may go unnoticed, but it's not like that in Edmonton.

"Best thing about a city like Edmonton", Dave continues, "is that there are so few clubs to play that the bad bands get weeded out right away, unlike Toronto, where there's so many clubs, a bad band could go for weeks playing gigs".

I mention that there seems to be a similarity between Montreal and Edmonton in its approach to bands and live music, ie: the limited amount of clubs and so forth. The only differences pending are population sizes, and that at least one has a football team. The cultural differences between the two cities come up as well, the dominnant French culture of here , opposed to the mishmash of cultures there (check encyclopedia reference; ha-ha) backed by a strong sense of Western Canadian pride.

The conversation moved to music, and in the least embarassing way possible, trying to word it properly, so it doesn't sound like the traditional age old question of musical influences, though it is, I asked what the band listens/listened to, and how they got to that sound which they project on vinyl and stage. Well my assumptions were pretty much shot to hell. Mike claims there is a common ground among the band, but it's about as wide as a football field. Ed likes, excuse me, loves The Damned, Dove likes Paul McCartney, David is totally taken by The Byrds and The Hollies, and Mike likes country and western. But Mike does not mention that the way the band got started was he and Dave Lawson jamming to Byrds' tunes. So I save face, a little.

One of the burning questions in my mind was how Jr. got onto Erica Ehm's top ten list published in 'Nerve' last year, finding the irony of one of their songs is entitled "Martha Quinn', the MTV vj. I had visions of the band partying with ol' Erica until dawn, then slipping a demo into her purse when she's not looking. But no, reality took over..."We sent Much music some t-shirts" explains Mike, "our press kit, our demo tape, and four dollars so that all the VJ's working there could buy a coffee on us. But they couldn't accept the money so they had to come back to Edmonton to give the money back to us, because it's illegal for them to take money, or something..."

I turn aroung and decide to get to the bottom line, "Do you guys really hate the sixties?", in reference to the closing song on the album 'Why I Hate the Sixties". "Was it a rebuttle to perhaps avoid being labelled?" Ed Dobek, who just returned from a game of pool, explains why he wrote the song: "I get all my inspirations from movies, that one was from a movie called "Six Weeks" with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore about a young girl who's dying from cancer and has about six weeks to live. After I saw it I said to myself, that's so sad, that's so sad. I think I'll write a song about sex. You can see the connection, it's inspirational!"

All right, you try to get a straight answer from someone who used to be named 'Sparky, the Happy Troll'!

There's a genuine 'good' feeling among band members. And since the release of the Lp have completed a couple of videos and generated good feedback from our southern neighbours. Having a label on both sides of the borders (BYO) helps quite abit as well, though the main push has been from the north.

Conversation goes back and forth concerning ex-managers, life on the road, minus a van which decided to die in Kitchener, and how it took the rest of the band two hours to figure out Mike's idea for the album cover. He kept saying "Mona Lisa with Popeye arms!" until they finally realized he meant the Venus Demaillo. Oh well, art historians they're not. Also by this time, they swindled me into buying two rounds of beer, and my cigarettes were quickly disappearing. They had left Edmonton with 82 dollars, had 95 dollars by the time I met them, but minus a van and stuck in Montreal. But spirits were generally up. Peter, the part time sax player for Jerry Jerry had come to the rescue with a van and the Doughboys put most of them up for the time spent here.

So what is "JUNIOR GONE WILD" all about? "Well, this is our first major tour" says Mike, "we've been around for three years, we've been in bands for a long time. We've learned so much about what it's like to be in a band, a travelling band anyways. We left Edmonton a certain way, and we ain't that way anymore. Through the people we've met and the places we've been in , with a good share of good gigs and bad gigs, but we're doing okay. We're a little more learned now. Anyone can be in a band, but being in a working band, that's what it's all about. We've been learning. I was very disappointed to find out that for the last seven years all I've been in was just a band. Now I'm in a working band. You always get to the point, if you stay at home, thinking you're in a good band. But there is nothing like going coast to coast in a short amount of time to show you what kind of jam you actually have. It's a struggle sometimes , but sometimes it's pretty smooth, but you know , we're still happening".

That's the bottom line. JUNIOR GONE WILD feel they've matured in the past few months. They feel their paying their dues, and are somewhat happy about it. Their confident about the band, and they may record their next album here in town. So after 90 minutes, I'm down 16 dollars in beer (which the station never refunded guys!) and an empty pack of Camels. But it's fine, I respect them for their endurance despite some of the mishaps of this tour. Two weeks later I met up with Mike again after they opened for the Go-Betweens, tired and on the eve of going back home for the next little while. It came back to me, they 'are' a working band, and deserve your respect. Got some extra cash? Buy the record, it's really very good, and next time they come into town go out and see them, sometimes it's all a working band really needs.

HINT EXERCISE ENERGIZE This Hüsker Dü Thing

by Patrick H.

photos by Owen Egan

Communication...emotion...energy...reality. Those were the four words Bob Mould used to describe Husker Du. Communication - a key factor in describing Husker Du's (pronounced Hoosker) lyrics and messages. They're not preaching, just offering ideas, leaving the rest up to you. Emotion - this comes through in the presentation of their music. Anger and frustration is there, but so is optimism. Energy - the sheer force of Husker Du music at times. From the roar of 1981's 'Landspeed Record' to the closing notes of 'Warehouse Songs and Stories'. Reality - in essance what this band is all about. Their love songs don't contain the word 'Baby', but 'why' or 'how'.

The day Husker Du pulled into town, my mind kept being occupied by what they meant, to me anyway. The music in many ways has always been uplifting, when that right guitar hook or just the song in general eases things for you just a little, being a good day or a bad day. I admit to waking up at times and putting on 'New Day Rising' at a decent volume, to start my day. Cliché? Perhaps. It's a personal thing.

I'm walking down the street on my way to the Spectrum. It's late afternoon, and I'm about to conduct an interview with Grant Hart, one half of Husker Du's songwriting team, and drummer. Suddenly I realize I'm fucking nervous. I feel kinda fluttery and butterflies are bouncing off the inside walls of my stomach. Chain smoking, I keep wiping my clammy palms on the leg of my jeans. To me, it just wasn't another interview. Like I said, it's a personal thing.

I'm greeted by Maureen, the rep from WEA. She makes me feel a little more at ease and says that the band hasn't arrived yet from Toronto. After all this time, they're still driving their own van around. Time passes and they still haven't shown up. I make conversation with a couple of people, and finally the dudes arrive. We decide to wait after soundcheck before conducting the interview. I stand at the back of the venue while guitars are tuned and sound levels are worked out. As I watch the band, it strikes me just how 'regular' these guys look. No 'funny haircuts' or 'in' clothes, strictly a t-shirt and jeans band. I'm introduced to Casey, their road manager. We talk briefly, and Maureen hands me two backstage passes and tells me that Bob Mould might be available after the show, but Grant will be ready in a few moments. The butterflies and sweaty palms return.

Grant Hart has been described as the lighter side of Husker Du. Generally one with a smile for everyone, and it comes through in his songs. As we retreat to the dressing room, his warm personality is comforting and it seems as if all of a sudden someone has captured the butterflies. As we settle down for the interview, his expressive eyes dodge around the dressing room, perhaps weary of doing another interview. Finally, he breaks into a smile; the tape rolls.

Despite their ties with a major label, Husker Du have maintained their independence. As noted before, they still drive a van while on tour, with bassist Greg Norton at the wheel most of the time. They have total control of the records and how they are put together and packaged. The main reason for signing with WEA was for better distribution.

"I think they understand that we can make our own better steps than any of them can provide." Grant explains. "They're pretty good with giving everybody the opportunity to take creative control, it's what they do with it that counts. If they don't exercise it, then other people come in."

Some hard-nosed fans took offense to the band's signing with a major. The band however released its most bleak LP, 'Candy Apple Grey', and is obviously not concerned with commercial viability. Some still cling to the older material, feeling Husker Du of today have become less angered and more accessible.

"Well, there were people who took the opportunity eight years ago to see us play those songs, that these other people missed." Says Grant, "I think sometimes, depending on our moods, either give it to them, or say no, that is the past. But we're doing a lot of older stuff on this tour, " he continues, "just to re-familiarize ourselves a little bit, the music we've moved past at a pretty prolific rate of speed. We still feel strongly about the old stuff."

Husker Du music has changed. Grant once claimed he doesn't want to play 'It's Not Funny Anymore' in ten years at some auto show. Described as one of the fastest albums ever made, 'Landspeed Record' has become somewhat of an icon of hardcore, a dull roar of rage from one end to the other. The gradual movement of melody and pop became evident as the albums were released.

"I think if you listen to the albums in order, you can see the movement toward the pop. Metal Circus...hinted at it, Zen Arcade...exercised it a little bit, New Day Rising....energized it, Flip your Wig....exemplified it, and Candy Apple Grey was too depressing to be pop."

Was it a natural movement away from hardcore?

"Well I found it increasingly difficult with the numbers. The thoughts and feelings I was feeling in 1980, the aggression that I was expelling. There was so many other people doing it. When it was us, D.O.A., Black Flag, Sub-humans and some others, that was one thing, but three years later when every college town has six hardcore bands, there were starting to have too many rules involved in playing hardcore. I thought the whole punk thing was some sort of Dada conspiracy of America to demonstrate how ridiculous life can really be, instead of just really rockin'. You're supposed to have this kind of haircut, your clothes are supposed to be this. It just became too many rules, and they were rules that I wasn't running away from. I just wasn't interested."

"Anarchy became the smiley face of the early 80s. It became the peace symbol. Then you're finding a lot of people who didn't understand what anarchy was, and all of a sudden other aspects are thrown in. I mean, what do skateboards have to do with Rock'n'Roll? What does Rock'n'Roll have to do with drinking or not drinking? What does Rock'n'Roll have to do with anything except Rock'n'Roll and fucking?"

A small grin appears on his face after the last comment, telling me he meant it in good humour.

I ask him if the band made a conscious change in their music as they went along. Grant replies: "It wasn't so much conscious, as it was a evolution. I wouldn't be able to write a song like 'She Floated Away' in 1979, I wasn't good enough at my craft at the time. Hopefully if you keep doing something, you get better, or at least reach a point where you're doing it well."

Husker Du's lyrics always seem to have a message attached to them, offering perhaps outlooks on life and it's surroundings, more so now than in the early years. A set of questions, which you can explore on your own personal levels. They don't particularly feel they're teaching, or rather preaching. They simply point things out. Once again, it's a personal thing.

"I guess when we're writing the songs, we go through the same...uplifts. Sometime there are songs that you have to write in order to deal with these feelings you're going through. It's somewhat cathartic, but we're doing ourselves good by expressing these things that we need to. It's not so much deliberately teaching, but it's there, and if people can learn from it, then it's really appreciated."

Bob Mould and Grant Hart do almost all the songwriting for the band. The visions they project through their songs are similar, but are presented from different points of view. Bob Mould's songs are more aggressive, cynical, and at times full of anger. Hart has a more upbeat and optimistic look at things. The result is a nice balance of opinions and views in the material. I ask Grant if he is generally a happy person.

"I don't know if I'm any more happy...what the case is, is that I try to present that side, because that's what makes me pick up the pen the most, is being happy. Sometimes it's hard enough going through sad experiences without having to write and sing about them."

"Around Flip Your Wig, you start seeing the influences flip around, where like 'Every Everything,' one of my songs, is probably more stylisticly inspired by Bob, and you take a song by Bob like 'Makes No Sense At All', which is more my side. We're fortunate for the two of us, and for the band, that we both can write."

On their latest album 'Warehouse Songs and Stories', a renewed sense of optimism has reappeared after the bleak outlook of 'Candy Apple Grey'. Songs on CAG such as 'Sorry Somehow', 'Too Far Down' and 'Hardly Getting Over It' reflected the times the band was going through. By the time the LP was released, the band's attitudes had changed.

Grant explains: "The albums kind of play back to us. The time you write a song, and the time that a song comes out is sometimes a large span of time, and sometime you say...well I don't really feel that way anymore.

"Optimism is still there though; there's a couple of things I'm working on which are pretty serious fare. There's no 'Too Far Downs' or 'Sorry Somehows', 'Sorry Somehow' is an up thing really, but there is interference, up despite what's going on."

"Warehouse' has a unique unity to it, a continuing theme which ran throughout the album as opposed to the fragmented feel of 'Candy Apple Grey'. Grant credits this to the amount of time alotted between the recordings of CAG and Warehouse. Enough time to rehearse the songs, and Grant and Mould were on writing sprees at the time. A total of 35 songs were layed down, and 20 of those found their way on the album. They felt this had to be a double LP. They couldn't let all these songs fall by the wayside.

Back in 1983 Husker Du recorded 'Diane' for the EP 'Metal Circus'. Though the song was recorded four years ago, it has always fascinated me because of its violent overtones. Anger has been a factor in their music but not the type of violence presented in 'Diane'. I ask Grant if he could elaborate a little more on the subject. He leans back, looking somewhat uncomfortable all of a sudden. I suddenly feel I've opened up a closet which had been closed for a long time.

"In 1979 this girl was abducted, and all around Minneapolis and St. Paul there were posters looking for her, and a large manhunt, for a girl who was last seen alive going into someone's car. She was our age, and the media had made a big thing about it, more than something I would be comfortable with if I were a family member. Eventually they found her, raped and murdered. Reward money amounted to over $2800 for information on her. It was a situation in which...I'll give you an example; my sister came over claiming she saw the guy on the highway. It was hysterical, but not in the funny sense. Hysteria can be maddening as well...I just thought of that for the first time. An interesting sidelight to this, about three years ago, I found this letter in the mail and it was from Diane Edward's brother. More or less, he said in the letter, although he couldn't say at the time, that the song helped."

Grant Hart still feels that after all this time, the fans are rowing the boat, and that they are very aware of not going above them in any way with the movement to a major. However, not everything can be in their control anymore, such as high ticket prices which they are not totally comfortable with. But they do avoid the high-priced merchandising when they can, and set a special price for the double 'Warehouse' LP. They want to make sure not to cash in on them. They believe in being true to themselves and their ideals as a band, so the people who believe in them, continue their belief.

Since Husker Du was deemed as on of the fastest bands earlier on, I ask Grant about his thoughts on speed metal.

"Well it doesn't really affect me in any way. There's a lot of ridiculous speed metal out there, as there is of any music. I see conflicting attitudes. The heavy metal genre is often times sexist, often times a lot different from what punk rock is. I think anything new which lasts for a while takes a lot of different directions in approach. If you say that Black Flag, T.S.O.L. and Husker Du are similar at one time, now you have one guy going off doing Jack Kerouac poetry, supposedly then you have this heavy metal thing, and you have this Husker Du thing. There as a point of tangency at one time, but now it's being spread a little thin."

Our conversation ended briefly after that, and as we walk out of the Spectrum together, Grant heads off next door to meet some people for dinner, and I completely forget to meet Maureen (the WEA rep) for dinner in the same restaurant (I could've called this piece 'My Dinner with the Dudes', if my mind hadn't been so occupied with the past 45 minutes). My apologies Maureen.

A couple of hours later, Husker Du grace the stage and open with 'Flip Your Wig'. The sound is almost flawless and they pour out 90 minutes of high-energy to a very enthusiastic crowd. Much to everyone's surprise, a good portion of the material is the older stuff. A few songs off 'Warehouse' are represented, along with highlights including 'It's Not Funny Anymore' and 'Green Eyes'. Bob Mould delivers chilling versions of 'Hardly Getting Over It' and 'Celebrated Summer'. Armed with his Flying 'V', Mould's stage presence is at times odd, with an intense, almost maniacal stare. When the vocals are shared back and forth between Mould and Hart, it comes off almost as if they're yelling at each other with songs, projecting their ideas to themselves and the people.

Some stage-diving goes on during the show, but with the immense space of the Spectrum stage, no one gets in the way of the band, and the show is almost incident free. I can't help getting the feeling that sometimes Husker Du's message gets lost when things happen, like a couple of biker-type guys use slamming as a cheap excuse to get in a couple of punches to someone, or a girl next to me gets a boot to the side of her face from one of the stage divers.

The show ends with a rousing version of 'New Day Rising' and the Ramones' 'Sheena is a Punk Rocker', leaving a very frenzied crowd. Twenty minutes later I bump into Tim (a friend, and a big Husker Du fan) and invite him backstage with me. We find Grant and head backstage to wait for Bob Mould. Casey (the road manager) informs me that Bob is tied up because his parents were up to visit him from Malone, and wants to spend time with them.

As Tim and I sit in the dressing room, Grant expresses that the band is uncomfortable with the stage diving, and that one of his friends broke his neck doing it. We sit around discussing various topics that have nothing to do with the band, probably much to Grant's relief. He recalls stories of visiting William S. Burroughs, who is a friend of the band, being stopped by the Iowa State Police, and shot-painting with Burroughs. Greg Norton walks in, and various jokes are cracked between them, and I sense a strong sense of companionship between the band members. After all, it's been over nine years.

Tim and I head off to Foufounes to meet up with Norton and Grant. And as we walk down the street, Tim is still a little overwhelmed by the whole thing. The amazing thing about this band is how friendly they are, and how, at the club, we stand around sharing beers as if we'd known each other for a long time. An hour later Grant decides to leave and get back to his hotel with Norton. As we bid farewell, Grant suddenly grabs me and gives me a hug, saying it was nice to meet me. They're both out the door before I recovered from what just happened. Friendly guy, this Grant Hart.

Tim and I part ways a little later. I believe his feet were still two inches off the ground as he walked away. Come to think of it, so were mine.

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THE GRUESOMES
Gruesomania
Og Records

"Gruesomania" harkens back to the days when no-one had heard of acid-washed jeans. It was ideas and creative expression which were often acid-washed, spurred on by gurus like Timothy Leary. The psychedelic era was musically rich. As with all such milestone eras there are those who wish to recreate the feel, look, and sound of the bands which distinguished themselves. The Gruesomes are a Montreal-based outfit whose style brings to mind bands like The Zombies and the Yardbirds, groups who trod the line between sixties pop rock and the forms which later became heavy metal and finally punk.

"Gruesomania" is the band's second release on the Og label, and while it marks more of the same as the first release from a stylistic point of view, the group has managed to smooth out some of the elements which made Tyrants of Teen Trash weak some listeners. The sound is more polished and the members of the band seem more confident with the genre they are presenting to their audience. As psychedelic rock, "Gruesomania " is a far more studied work than the earlier release.

This is not to say that the style is particulary complex. The songs are all short and based on fairly simple themes. It's the arrangements and quality of recording which mark this particular genre of music and make it stand out from other music which derive their influences from the music of that period of the sixties. While recording technology increased greatly in the sixties, some bands went for a rough, loud garage sound. A sound which The Gruesomes emulate with flair and originality to boot.

It is clear that The Gruesomes have grown as musicians in the year or more since their vinyl debut. "Gruesomania" feels more confident than Tyrants... ever did. Bobby Beaton's characteristicaly whiny vocals achieve an effect rather than grate. It's easier to appreciate the sound now, as it has become more of stylistic element than an annoying affectation. But that's true of the band as a whole, as they rock steady and entertain on this welcome, but rather short album.

One final note: Despite the fact that many people take genuine sixties rock very seriously (note the grim faces of Beck and Co. in the great film, "Blow up"), The Gruesomes should be listened to with at least some degree of satire in mind.

The PsychoDaisy

CARMAIG DE FOREST
I Shall Be Released
Good Foot

On the cover Carmaig, ukelele-hero (that's right) has crayoned a halo around his close-cropped head. On the inner sleeve, he's laughing, a satanic horns-and-van-dyke replacing the angelic effect previous. Listening to the little devil and his band play, you know which representation is true.

Carmaig de Forest? Ukelele? Never heard of him? If you haven't it's a real shame. Carmaig de Forest may be just what you're in need of in these tacky times: a funny, scabrous entertainer who barbeques sacred cows at every turn. Imagine Johnathan Richman with a gun. Carmaig's dancing on our graves, thank God (whomever).

Everything's hopping on this album, most of the songs clocking under two minutes and filled with that snare-snapping scatological wizz the Violent Femmes (buddies of Carmaig's) go in for. Alex Chilton, aka BuddhaJesusZarathustraEtc. boosts the art with wicked, wicked guitar breaks bummed off Dick Dale and George Harrison and everybody else. Amidst the hip Carmaig's sarcastic voice nukes the right (sic?) wing, such as in "Crack's No Worse Than the Fascist Threat" (If they want to take away the Sixth Amendment/ Just Say No!/ Just Say No!"). Eat Lead, Nancy!

The Album's centerpiece is its longest cut, the six-minute, twelve-bar ukelele blues "Hay Judas" in which Ronald Reagan is assigned a high seat in Hell along with Judas, Adolph, and Jim Jones, and John Hinckley Jr. is berated for his poor marksmanship; "I don't know if you're damned/ But it's a damn shame you missed". Someone finally saying what we all thought during those "tense" hours— you've got to love it. You'll never have more fun at the barricade than with this album.

Jeoff Bull

54:40
Show me
Wea

Slick. Back with their second album in a very short time, looking (as the cover exemplifies) and sounding more sophisticated, and mature with a certain sense of confidence in their work.

The first album produced some great songs like Baby Ran and I Go Blind both of which received some good video airplay on on MM. (a healthy omen?)

Some definite economic consideration went into this effort. Recorded in three different locations including Los Angeles, Toronto, and Vancouver (home base) indicates that Wea is a big label interested in some even bigger results than the first album produced.

This album shows more hooks and more commercial potential.

Granted, the band still retains some of the great songwriting and lyrics that Neil Osborne can generate. What sets them apart from a stagnant mainstream are lines like "What is the name for a world you cannot love?"

Walk in Line, One Day in Your Life, and One Gun , are three obvious standouts on this album. But songs like Standing in the Way indicate some strange sense of musical compromise aimed a larger , mainstream 'the beat makes the song' audience.

I doubt if the next effort will grace these pages in more than a footnote if they continue to make the next progressive stop to the commercial airwaves.

While their songs present some interesting thoughts and address some relevant social issues in their trademark subtlety, this album leaves me with a sense of overproduction and the feeling that the next effort will leave a majority (of a much smaller) audience behind.

Schmuck

INNERVOICE
Nobody Knows
Independent

ANT FARM
Grunt
Independent

Two records? Check. They're both from Montreal bands? Yeah. First albums? Right. Now where did you put their bios? I thought you had them. No -you mean they didn't leave any? O.K., so let's skip the history part.

Innervoice and Ant Farm are relatively new bands who've released debut records within the last few weeks and I'm pretty impressed with both of them.

Innervoice is (are) Marin Gallet, Francois Lalonde, and Daniel Jobin and this trio have got that Soft Cell depression down to an art. A hypnotic trance-like keyboard flows underneath the stark vocal arrangements giving the band a cold yet sensitive feel.

The title track, "Nobody Knows", numbs the listener with its repetative use of synthesizers a la Trash Grooves Girls that gently sets the mood for the other three songs. The lyrics are introspective with an undercurrent of confusion. Trying to handle the real world, though not original, is a main theme for Innervoice.

A hollow sound that features a toy-like guitar is the most distinctive quality on Grunt, Ant Farm's debut album. Ned Meredith copies some licks, but then that's not a bad thing to do. A cutting edge travels from song to song giving the Farm a good leg to stand on and the rhythm section of Tim Olive and Michel Gagnon compliments it quite nicely.

Now I've never seen either band in concert, but it would be worth of price of admission to see them. And if you're lucky, Innervoice and Ant Farm will be on the same bill.

Braindead

BIG BLACK
Songs About Fucking
Touch & Go

"Chrysalis Records is pleased to be releasing on September 16 the new album from Jethro Tull, Crest of a Knave.
This is the 21st album in their long, illustrious career, that soon spans 20 years."

Big Black did things to their guitars, Sonic Youth still do. Glenn Brance has to. This is Big Black's third album counting the compilation "Hammer Party." It is also their last. Big Black no longer exist but Steve Aldini still does. I'm not too sure I like that.

"Earlier this year, Chrysalis Records and Ian Anderson worked on a number of listening session to help determine what it is Tull fans want and expect in a Jethro Tull album."

The second law of thermodynamics states that available energy in the universe is inevitably running down, moving from maximum order to an ultimate disorder in which all available energy wil have been spent. This principle of entropy, first introduced by Clausius in 1865, decreed that certain processes cannot be reversed. Entropy grows because probability grows, this is related to the "arrow of time" which holds that it is extremely unlikely for events to go backward.

"Songs about Fucking" will not clear out a room as say "Atomizer" would have. Atomizer was a cut slab wall of black noise, peaking on "Kerosene" one of the many pace-makers from this guitar monolith. "set me on fire" was less a hook than a harpoon fired violently. Such excess would only have begun and ended with a crash. It did and we wanted it to.

"Targeting 12 markets around the country where Jethro Tull has been most popular throughout the years, we enlisted the help of the local AOR station to recruit 50 or so listeners in each city to participate in these sessions."

Which means if you believe the words (fuck/pussy/etc.), feedback, sloppiness, buried vocals and the rest of the slang they throw at you as signs of spontaneity, you're a sucker because they're as conscious as anyone's ever been about where to place a microphone. Albini claims that while in England, they recorded the A side at Crass studios, very high techish while the B side is the tech side, "so we thought why don't we make it as shitty as possible."

Like their previous recordings the album takes stereotypes, white blues, power rock n' roll and perverts them enticing you, only to have them kick you in the head. Levy Bruhl and Durkheim said about forty years ago that nothing can really astonish Western rational man because he knows that what ever he sees can be related to the fundamental laws of nature he has already discovered.

"These people, of various ages and professions, were asked to listen to the album and rate the songs according to personal favorites, what they'd like to hear played on the radio, what they believed would be played on the radio, and to generally help in choosing what tracks would be included on the final version."

Living systems are open systems. Steve Albini split Silver abuse in '79 and was soon found in Naked Raygun. There are states that reflect their interactions with the environment, where there is a constant excange of energy, thereby maintaining themselves through an endless dynamic flow. An important factor arises out of all this; these fluctuations, in that they allow for novelty to emerge when entropy would rule it out.

Big Black emerged soon after. If they didn't goove I'm not sure I'd listen to them, but check out "Columbian Necktie", or "Tiny, King of the Jews", "Kitty Empire" with a big beat that verges on the industrious/

Elliot Sharp side of things - where the other guitar bands such as S.Youth or Live Skull work with weird tunings, fretless instruments and drones, Black rely on a beat box and cranked learn in a day guitar harmonies, and we know that the groove never lies. They avoid the anti-intellectual tendencies of rock critics, be a part of the communities, get gigs, etc... The overriding attitude of the clubs in Chicago is fuck the bands, fuck the audience, keep the police off our back and lets make as much money as possible. No where have we been treated as shitty as here in Chicago." At the core of B.Black is the need to combine a creative music with one of its original functions interact to bring people with similar identity together.

"Crest of a Knave is the result of this very successful project. Incidentally, all £00 or so participants are receiving credit on the inner sleeve of the album for their invaluable help."

Which is a lot more than what gets passed of today as honesty.

Should you buy the album, No probably not. Its already been said before, and better. Put your money instead on "Atomizer" and hope that we never hear from Steve Albini again.

Stormin' Norman

REDD KROSS
Neurotica
Polygram

The most important thing to remember about Redd Kross IS NOT to take them seriously. Their tongues have always been well wedged in their cheeks, and their credo has always been to play the silliest music possible, in the silliest way possible, while looking as silly as possible. This has not brought them fame and fortune, but it has brought them notoriety and a certain appeal. Their beginning as little pubescent boys grinding out their own bratty version of rock 'n' roll to the audiences of L.A.'s early punk scene won them places in the hearts of many.

"Neurotica" could be said to be Redd Kross's definitive album, there is no question that it is the band at its silliest. However, it lacks much of their original clever sass, and many of the songs are just too inane to bear. Consider the lines of "Frosted Flake": "She's got a frosted flake face and a raisin bran brain / Baby, baby, ther's one thing you should know. . . don't touch my arpeggio."

Material like this just doesn't hold up to Redd Kross classics like "Puss n' Boots" or their obnoxious ditty about "Exorcist" she-devil, Linda Blair. But with a few songs on the album like "Ghandi's Dead" and "Ballad of a Love Doll", the band does come close to matching their cute and trashy tradition.

Although much of this album smacks of heavy metal, Redd Kross cannot be lumped in with today's surge of glam-rock metal bands - they've played this raunch for ages. As the boys went through adolescence they did learn how to play guitar and play guitar they do. This album is filled with Black Sabbath type rifts as long as their hair. (And their hair is "very long".)

The band's vocals have also matured: they've learned to harmonize. A strong bit of psychedelia is detectable in their music. But there is a long way from joining the surge of bands today that are on a 60's revival kick.

This is what's best about Redd Kross. They do not fit in anywhere, and they don't want to. The album is an unmistakable ag gloneration of 60's, 70's, and 80's rock which may be hard for some to swallow. One suspects that the band is poking a good deal of fun at the music of these decades. They certainly get their point across in the following line from "Neurotica": "Always just wanted to play my song/ No metal sluts or punk rock nuts for me." Well, keep playing it boys.

Shelley Fishbach

BO-DEANS
Outside Looking In
WEA

"Outside Looking In", is the second album released by the Bodeans. Last year's much acclaimed "Love & Hope & Sex & Dreams", was the first for this group out of Waukesha, Wisconsin. This band's music is based on the original rock 'n' roll butm has an enticing romantic edge.

This being only their second album, you can't help but compare it to their first. "Love & Hope & Sex & Dreams is much more rock 'n' roll oriented, containing only three ballads, but the romantic edge is still there. This might be due to the fact that their producer was T-Bone Burnett, who has produced Los Lobos, The Blasters, Fabulous T-Birds, etc.

For "Outside Looking In" they have changed producers. This might explain why this album is just a bit more mellow and slick. The sound on the first album has a rawer edge to it while the second seems to have been purposely organized into two categories, one side being slow and mellow, the other, fast-paced and more strident. The romantic edge is still there in songs such as "Dreams", "Say About Love" and "Don't Be Lonely". The lyrics express the desire for love and love lost. The Bodeans do not write songs that are pro this of anti that; nor do they try to change the world. This album is for those long, lonely nights when the one that you love is far away. My two favorite cuts are on side two. They are "The Ballad of Jenny Rae" and "Someday". These two songs are reminiscent of the first album: very acoustic and rootsy.

The Bodeans are ready for mainstream radio. Hopefully, if and when they make it, they won't desert the original rock 'n' roll style that got them there in the first place.

Robert Di Blasio

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DEJA VOODOO
The Worst of Deja Voodoo
OG

Well, hey, look what's in the record stores now. A new Voodoo disk! What's that? What is it called "The Worst of Deja Voodoo"? Because these cats are crazy, that's why. Only Gerard and Tony could come up with an idea like that and actually do it. So what's the deal you say. No problem. This record is just as good as the old Deja Voodoo stuff. Hell, some of it IS the old Deja Voodoo stuff. "Worst Of" is to Deja Voodoo what "Substance" is to New Order. None of the tracks are available on "Cemetery", "Too Cool..." or "Swamp of Love", and that was the problem. Like the back of the record says, these are "the missing Deja Voodoo songs". "Worst Of..." spans the Voodoo career from their very first single "Monsters In My Garage" to the recently recorded "Peace, Love & Flowers."

So what does it sould like, you say? It sounds cool. These tunes are a cross-section of the Voodoo sound. Everything they've ever been called is right here in a mesh of sludgeabilly, psycho-punk, blues-rock-abilly-surf-country-punk-R&B and whatever else you think Gerard and Tony play. The changes over the career have been phenonomenal for Voodoo. Anyway, "Monsters In My Garage" is a happening sludgeability number that is one of the highlights of the record. The dynamic duo then bop their way through "More Songs About Monsters And Food", "Surfing On Mars" and then hit "Bullfrog". There is no organization on this record, the tunes just happen. Let Them Surprise you. Gerard the storyteller comes through on tunes like "Phantom Skateboarder" and "Raised By Wolves". "Phantom Skateboarder is one of the funniest Voodoo tunes yet. It and "I Wanna Come Back From the World of LSD" make the price tag worthwhile by themselves but every song on this record is cool in its own way. I don't have enough space to tell you about every one of the tunes but you can hear them all for yourself if you buy the record. "Duh Papa Duh" is reminiscent of "Shoboxedy, Hey" and "Driving On Drugs" is just simply a great song. Voodoo even provide us with some insight on "Rock Therapy" and have invented their own dance called the "Lizard!" Next time you're bopping by a sludgeability store or hear the Voodoo sound oozing out of a doorway go and check it out; maybe you'll catch some "Boppin' gg" in action. If you ever want to give Gerard a present, remember he doesn't like flowers but "Vegetables are always hip.

Doctor's Prescription: WORST OF DEJA VOODOO is to be taken at regular intervals until you're smiling. OH YEAH.

Vlad Rinco

THE WATER WALK
The Water Walk
Nettwerk

So what exactly is a "water walk" you ask. Is it religious sport? Is it supernatural? Not really. In fact, the band's title is more intriguing than most of its songs. Include the fact that Dave Ogilvie (of Skinny Puppy fame) is co-producing confuses me more. Dave's only contribution is a not so obvious insight revealing that man cannot live by Puppy alone.

The first and only worthwhile tune from this Vancouver based trio is "Turn Your Face Away", a hypnotizingly simple genius of a song. It was in retrospect this exact reason for deciding to delve into the rest of their work. Disillusioned and disappointed am I.

Even Nettwerk promotes this feeling in their unemotive and inconcise enclosed mention (on one of those Nettwerk album inserts) of the band as "...a fresh blend of guitar, sax, cello, bass, and drum." Curious huh?

Of other Nettwerk interests is the Water Walk parallels its label mate, The Grapes of Wrath, most closely. Alike in some instrumentation but minus of course, the infectious, boyish exurberance of The Grapes. But maybe (and I probably don't know, and now don't care) is there a warped artistic, aesthetic methodology the band is purposely avoiding interesting an audience. Or else I'm just too stupid and close-minded to understand their purposes and aims. I'm sure anyone who could appreciate their kind of mellow laidback approach would beg to differ with my opinion. Someone please enlighten me!

I'm certain that with a few more forced listens I could find more credibility in their songs. Basically though, as a whole, the album is rather redundant and uneventful. As background music for conversation or studying it does stand up well.

One composition, "Nothing Ever Came of It" (presenting some definite jazz influences) could be an indication of this band's future. If you can catch their wave...

Schmuck

THE RAMONES
Halfway To Sanity
Sire

Question: What do the Ramones and the philosophy of Karl Marx have in common?

Answer: The Generative power of dialectic.

-The Marx you can look up. As for the Ramones, their own little dialectic (which has yet again provided them with enough juice to put out an album of all-new, all-decent material) consists of the comingling clash of Dee Dee's semi-hardcore tunes - all mighty fast and sung for the most part by him with his croaking ranting ripping behind Johnny's blazin' GEE-TAR - and Joey's heart-a-quaverin' Shangri-las "outtakes" (Beh-beh), for which Johnny mellows out (jes' a little), the mix could prove to be more annoying than salt in the sugarbowl, but it don't, 'cause the Ramones are all old masters at this kind of mixing; the mix is what makes them the Ramones, afterall.

Yes, this album is a lot like their previous albums, which might lead you to question why anyone would enjoy it. What's the point? Why don't they get real jobs? They always sound the same.

Yeah, they do. But that's the whole point; that's why the Ramones are cool and worth it. They still have that lustin' teenage heart that knocked the Bee Gees and Peter Frampton into oblivion in 1977; they're still punks. It's the spirit of the Seeds and the Sonics and the Stooges and all those awesome music-lovers who played 'cause they wanted to in garages and tacky bars across America, and the Ramones have still got it! They're keeping the flame. Best part of it all is they're fun, like, y'know...FUN! People won't sit around if you play this at a party - they'll dance. "Halfway to Sanity" is a "real cool time" and no letdown. The Ramones still Bop and Hop and rip off the sounds of Buddy Holly and Phil Spector - they still got Rock 'n' Roll in 'em. Dee Dee is a little more suicidal than usual (not like, uh, Ian Curtis is or other gothic-type stuff;; Joey is still syrup on the pancakes of your heart. Put it all together and you've got another good album from our first and foremost living "punk" gods. If you like them you'll want this - and if you don't, there's always Karl if you're looking for a 'time.

Jeoff Bull

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN
Darklands
WEA

The Candy Babies Are finally back after an extended absence with a second LP. "Darklands" is the new release from the masters of white noise pop, The Jesus And Mary Chain. The psycho cantidates have returned to the pop scene majestically, following up their two singles from earlier this year - "April Skies" and "Happy When it Rains" - with an excellent ten-track record. The cover is vintage JMC but a little glossier than the older ones. Who really cares. What really counts is on the vynil inside and this one is worth it.

Hardcore JMC fans will notice right from the first track that something is missing. The sad truth is that "Darklands" has no feedback or distortion. Don't cry too long about it, though, you may just miss the whole point of leaving the noise out. Somewhere along the line Masters Reid and the gang decided to leave out the 'psycho' and concentrate on the 'candy'. Whether this was a commercial move or not is irrelevant, the new sound is really nice. "Darklands" and "Deep One Perfect Morning" are hauntingly elegant songs, reminiscent of "Some Candy Talking". "Happy When It Rains" is one of the best songs I've heard in a long time. It is eighties pop at its best, a little too rough to be mainstream but simple enough to be accessible for most listeners. The whole album is very simple and beautiful.

"Down On Me" is a little rougher than the first three tracks but still no distortion to speak of. Jim Reid winds his way in between the songs with the same old narcotic style. Side One ends with "Nine Million Rainy Days", and by now you're used to the 'new' sound. "April Skies" is another glory of melancholic beauty leading off side two followed by an angry "Fall" and then "Cherry Came Too". "Cherry Came Too" is too sweet to be a J.M.C. song. The lyrics are as suggestive as ever but the chords on the chorus sound too much like the Beach Boys to be real. "On The Wall" is nothing special but still good and "About You" is about as sweet and sincere as I've ever heard Jim Reid - "There's something Good/ About you." What would the world be without a sentimental J.M.C. song? This is one of the best new records I've heard this fall. The Chain have stripped down Psychocandy and come up with an album that's, well, Just Like Honey.

Vlad Rinco

R.E.M.
Document
IRS

One problem with R.E.M. is that whenever you listen them you are also listening to a variety of critical discussions and deconstructions which are impossible to block out due to their all-pervasive nature; there is a constant stream of banter and (even) responsible criticism about the band. I'll try not to add to that mass. I'll try.

This record sounds quite different from what you've come to expect. The dark layers of sound that gave "Murmur" its particualr mood are completely absent from "Document". Everything is upfront, crisp and loud: the drums punch, especially in the driving numbers like "Finest Worksong"; the bass is moving in a groove of harmony and even funkiness ("Exhuming McCarthy", for example); Pete Buck relies more on distortion and power-chords than ever before, mixing cool-o feedback in some cuts, especially "Oddfellows Local 151", the biggest "power increase", however, is in the vocals of Micheal Stipe - not only does he belt out the choruses, but his lyrics for the most part abandon past equivocation in favour of a direct political message. The combination of songs works really well here. The group strives for the sitar "feeling" in "King Of Birds" and Stipe's militant lyrics stay with you thanks to some catchy and original melodies. There is never a cliche "R.E.M. moment" on either side (and they do an excellent cover of Wire's "Strange", which is cool).

This album is definitely more in the mainstream, simply because the sound is so upfront. It will probably achieve mass appeal, but that's not so bad - R.E.M. might be that first "alternative" band to go mass-media without losing their integrity. I haven't heard another record which is accessible to the majority let out such a shout against the powers that be since "London Calling" - but even then the Clash were starting to choke on success. R.E.M. have maintained their original "quality" while achelving a name for themselves, both morally (oops - diatribe - I forgot to be objective) and musically. You gotta like it. A "must". It is "good".

(Though "good" is not the right term - I just want to make it clear that "Document " is the opposite of "Bad", which is -?)

Jeoff Bull

photo by Owen Egan

THE DARNED
HOARSE OPERA
LUMPKIN

The Darned are probably one of the most underrated bands in Montreal. They've been an identifiable component of the local scene for years, disappearing a few years back only to resurface two years ago on VOT's "Listen" compilation. Despite the fact that Hoarse Opera is their first album, The Darned are veterans of the city's alternative scene, having been in existence since its seminal days.

In their early incarnation they were labelled as "cowpunk", a convenient label used to describe bands who combine elements of country music and rock or punk. Unfortunately, this label has stuck to The Darned, evan though they have moved beyond it. The band's musical commitment, judging from this album, now includes more traditional country form, with less emphasis on the rock or punk aspects of the music.

Many people cringe when they hear the word "country." Images of Dolly Parton (ugh!), Crystal Gayle, Conway Twitty, and worse yet, Alabama spring to mind. Fortunately, The Darned's music is routed in much more traditional country music. In the less "cowpunked" tunes, the music evokes images of artists like June Carter or Hank Williams, staples of the Grand Ole Opry in its Golden Age.

The Darned don't try to rivet an audience by being loud or having an obnoxious beat. At their best, their music is more studied, almost academic in its approach. They are emulating styles which they have come to know very well. And they manage to do it with commitment and originality.

Much or the uptempo, "cowpunk" material is disposable. It's in the country tunes that the band is really in stride. That music is in many respects whiskey-soaked, well-weathered bar music which plods along at a world-weary, depressing pace. While this may be too slow for some, it has an infectious authenticity, and could spark some listeners to explore the roots of country and western music. The fact that the material on Hoarse Opera is not catchy is both a weakness and a strength. It will surely dissuade a large number of people from buying this album, but at the same time it will satisfy purists who disdain the concessions country music has made to the pop medium.

Robert Costain

TOP 30

ARTIST

1	Throwing Muses	The Fat Skier	4AD
2	* Ant Farm	Grunt	Independent
3	Ramones	Halfway to Sanity	Sire/WEA
4	*Monty Cantsin	Born Again in Flames	Malador
5	Alien Sex Fiend	Here Cum Germs	Anagram
6	*Doughboys	Whatever	Pipeline
7	Smiths	Strangeway Here We Come	Sire/WEA
8	*Various	It Came from Canada III	OG
9	Jesus and Mary Chain	Darklands	Blanco Negro
10	*Cannon Heath Down	Heart-Throb Companion	Bongo Sunrise
11	*The Gruesomes	Gruesomania	OG
12	*Skinny Puppy	Addiction (12")	Nettwerk
13	Sisters of Mercy	This Corrosion (12")	WEA
14	PiL	Happy	Virgin
15	Meat Puppets	I Can't Be Counted On (12")	SST
16	Tav Falco + Panther Burns	The World We Knew	New Rose
17	*Sons of the Desert	Sons of the Desert	Dessert
18	Chris & Cosey	Exotica	Nettwerk
19	*Strange Pleasures	Alternative Highlights	C.I.A.
20	Cabaret Voltaire	C.O.D.E.	EMI
21	Happy Mondays	Squirrel & G-Man	Polygram
22	*Bob's Your Uncle	Bob's Your Uncle	Criminal
23	Buckwheat Zydeco	On a Night Like This	Island
24	* Deja Voodoo	Worst of ...	OG
25	Gore Hounds	Halloween Everywhere	Alien Cactus
26	Tom Waits	Frank's Wild Years	Island
27	*Aged of Mirrors	Screenplay	A Major Label
28	* The Darned	Hoarse Opera	Lumpkin
29	*39 Steps	Slip Into the Crowd	TGO/BMG
30	*Psyche	Prisoner to Desire EP	New Rose

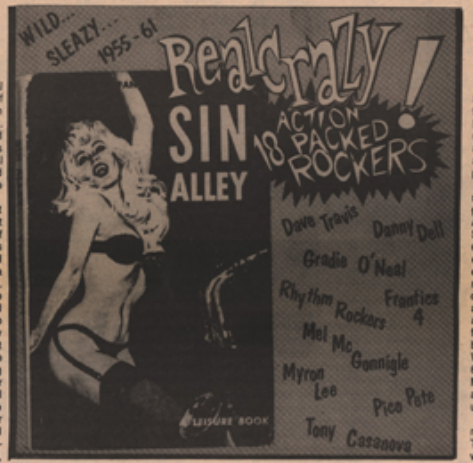
*Canadian

Compiled by: Gary Shapiro - Music Director
Paul Bisson - Asst. Music Director

one night stands are coming

STRANDED IN THE JUNGLE

by Flipped Out



We want the world to know what real rock'n'roll is: rockabilly from 1955 to 61, surf instruments, English r'n'b and American punk from 1965to 67. That's real rock'n'roll. Chubby Checker, Fabian, Sgt. Pepper, Led Zepplin, Talking Heads, Bowie, etc. That's not rock. People have to discover what real music is and stop buying Duran Duran and Wham records."- 'Psycho Tim Warren (quote courtesy Nineteen magazine)

Them's fightin' words, baby, spewed out by a man with a mission. A mission that began a few years ago when Lucifer himself appeared before Morristown, New Jersey's Tim Warren and informed him that he had been specifically chosen to embark on a crusade - and an unholy crusade at that. Warren was told that his task was to rid the world of homogenized, high-tech, castrated pop music and, in turn, put the roll back into the rock. Make rock'n'roll once again worthy or the term "devil's music." Now, up to that time, Warren had been totally devoted to the big beat for years, passionately collecting 45's which nobody wanted. His love was for rock'n'roll of the most primitive, wild, and demented kind, churned out between the mid-fifties and mid-sixties. And so, after pondering the possibilities, Warren decided that he could best fulfill Lucifer's command - and pick up a little cash for himself as well, dig? - by compiling the best of his singles, putting 'em on full length platters, and turning the albums loose on an unsuspecting square world. Well, that's exactly what he did. Before I go any further blabbin' on about Tim Warren, I wanna provide Krak readers with a bit of background - some rock'n'roll hystery. (Hush up, this won't hurt.) Ya see, it's not generally known that when rock'n'roll first knocked teenagers' socks off in the 50's, for every Elvis Presley and Little Richard there were countless other wildmen pouring their hearts and souls into cutting discs. Those cats really thought that they could make big time and who could fault them? The market was wide open then. Unfortunately, most of their records sand without a trace as the music on 'em was much too raw for radio airplay, and most of the fellas who recorded 'em went back to being truck drivers of whatever.

A few years down the road, The Beatles, Rolling Stones, Kinks, and so on regurgitated 50's American blues and r'n'r, and invaded the U.S. charts with their new twists on the stuff. The sounds those Limeys made inspired thousands of American and Canadian teens to form their own bands. Or, to tell the story of Sixties punk in Tim Warren's words: "It's 1965: a buncha 14-year-old outcasts got square creeps (parents, jocks, cheatin' gurls, etc.) makin' their lives miserable. Well, these guys see The Stones rave up on Ed Sullivan's show and figger: 'Heck, we can do that!' So they buy some guitars and drums and start wailin' in Dad's smelly garage. Pretty soon they decide to make their mark on the world, and maybe get girls, by putting out a 45. And it sounds like this: a thrashin'drum, some ravin' Chuck Berry guitar an' some singer rantin' in a snotty voice 'bout how pissed he is about his lousy two-timin' girl."

Like their 50's precursers, the records made by these combos was too raunchy for mass air-play, and only somewhat more "sophisticated" tunes like The Standell's "Dirty Water" and TheCastaways' "Liar Liar" become national hits. Eventually the groups disbanded. Their members went on to ultimately take their place in respectable adult society and their songs were forgotten.

And that's where Tim Warren came in. Handpicked to do the devil's dirty work, Warren dutifully and mercilessly began unburying obscure and forgotten 60's teen-age garage punkers and 50's berserk hillbilly boppers. He launched his Crypt record label with the release in '83 of an LP, appropriately titled (heh, heh) "Back from the Grave." It was made up of 16 incredibly primitive and maniacal garaged rockers from the mid-Sixties. (I oughts note at this point that prior to "Back from the Grave's" appearance, numerous other 60's punk anthologies had been put out on the market, f'instance the "Pebbles" series of albums. None of these, however, went as far back as "Back from the Grave" when it came to unflinchingly presenting the real underbelly of 60's rockin' sounds.) Since '83, five other volumes of "Back from the Grave" have been unleashed and if I had to choose one which speaks for them all , then I'd have to pick Vol. 3. Man oh man, there's no finer articulation of the pent-up teen-age rage lying at the core of all great rock'n'roll than the 18 numbers on this slab of vinyl! Just listen to a snarler like "I've GoT Something to Say" by The Interns outta Ohio, and its anguished echoed vocals and ominous organ sounds. Or to the tune "Born Loser" by Murphy and The Mob from Texas with its unforgettabe guitar riff and proudly unrepentant lyrics.

The sleeves of the "Back from the Grave" comps were designed by Dr. Death of "Psycho" comics fame. All I can say about these album covers is that you gotta see 'em to believe 'em! The covers, along with the linear notes on the back of the LPs sum up Tim Warren's way of looking at modern society and its music. Basically, he's disgusted with what he sees as the lifeless state of today's popular culture and especially with the techno-beat driven drivel that dominates it. Warren believes that rock'n'roll petered out 'round 1967 with the rise of the counterculture. As far as he's concerned the music's remained dead ever since thanks to lethal doses of artistic pretension, technical virtuosity, political correctness, and post-modernism. I know how he feels but I still think he's not fully on target. After all, there's been a slew of groups since the late Sixties which have churned out genuine rockin' noise: The Stooges, Flamin' Groovies, Ramones, Saints, Cramps, and Gun Club to name just a few. But then, the bands mentioned above have never been popular on a mass scale since they bucked mainstream trends by, among other thinngs, remaining true to 50's and 60's roots. And I guess that just goes to prove Warren's point.

Along with the "Back from the Grave" series, Warren's also cranked out anthologies of his fave sauced 50's lunatics: "Sin Alley", "Monster Rock'n'Roll", and "Shake, Shake, Shake It Baby!!" "Sin Alley", released on Warren's "Big Daddy" label, is the most essential of the three. It's a completely depraved miature of rockabilly, Black rock'n'roll, and just plain menacing primordial ooze. If songs like "Homicide" by Myron Lee and The Caddies and "Froggy" by Danny Dell and The Trends don't get your hormones a-flyin', thenothin' will! Meanwhile any wouldbe surfers out there will definitely dig Warren's recent bunch of late 50's to mid-60's instrumental compilations. "Strummin' Mental" is the name of that series of albums and I refer you to September's "Jungle" column for more details about that one.

Suffice to say that a nostalgic "oldies" mentality is the las thing Tim Warren's got. That kinda mentality belongs to Yuppies who wanna be endlessly pacified by the familiar songs they grew up with but soothing, reassuring music is something they'll never onfind on, say, "Back from the Grave Vol. 4" or "Sin Alley." I dunno to what extent Warren's ungodly crusade to restore some guts to the world of rock'n'roll has been successful. Yet, if there's one indication of the impact of his compilations, it's the effect they've had on the local rockin' scene in the last couple of years. The Gruesomes, Ray Condo and his Hardrock Goners, and the late great Mongols have all covered tunes which appear on Warren's LPs. Howdja like them apples? The odds are that you've been hearing the warped and savage stuff Warren brought out into the open without even being aware of it.

You can pick up the records I've been goin' on and on about at a few of this city's smaller vinyl emporiums and in case you've got trouble finding or affording 'em, simply tune your radio dial to CKUT and the Subterranean Jungle Tuesday nights at 10. It goes without saying that Tim Warren's albums have an honored place here in the land of the grunge. And finally, somethin' else to keep in mind that kinda neatly sumsup this month's column: drum machines fast run outta steam but guitars with fuzz give out that buzz. And that buzz is what it's all about, baby!

For a complete list of what the Crypt record label has to offer (heh, heh) write: Crypt, P.O. Box 9151, Morristown, N.J. 07960 U.S.A.0

by Colin McClelland and David Older

FRONT 242

"The most interesting things for us are extremes. There is a good extreme in every political side, left or right."

This is Richard 23 of Front 242. Preceding their October 6th assault on the Spectrum, KRAK caught Richard 23, the Mohawked Shocktrooper of the Techno-Brut Belgian Band. Slouched and smoking Richard described Front's politics of pressure. Riding on the recent dance floor success of Quite Unusual, 242 crashed into town having discovered the cancellation of their upcoming American dates. Richard, however, was optimistic about Front's time in Canada.

Richard 23: "We don't want to force something or say something. We just want to give something strong to the people."

This is the crux of Front 242, a strong product with political indifference. And without record company interference.

Richard 23: "We work in that we have a song and then decide whether its a 7" or 12". It's not a record company saying 'well now we need a single.' We do whatever we want. That's in our contract."

When the first Front single came out on a small label in Brussels, Richard 23 was a young member of the record buying public. ("the cover: interesting, the music: good"). At this time in 1981 Daniel B. was a keyboard technician while Jean-Luc De Meyer and Patrick Codenys were with another band and subsequently joined with Daniel to release the single U-Men. After meeting members of the band Richard 23 did backing vocals on this track, made lights for the live show and eventually joined their ranks as equal contributor. Within the band each member works first as an individual and then as a unit.

Richard 23: "We are a family always at the brink of divorce. We are fighting all the time." It is this conflict within production that drives the product onwards. Conflict affects everything left and right, stage and audience. Each member will be happy with 60% of an album but a different portion.

Conflict ensures the dynamic of a product that is sure to offend some through its violent imagery; but this is seen as a victory over indifference at the hands of the consumer.

In their use of power and media message deconstruction does Front 242 put forward an interpretable message for the listener to play with. Or is it the group's post apocalyptic picture of the world?

Richard 23: "Ah, just a rework of what we think is interesting for us. We're interested in pictures and sound coming from T.V., radios, movies and so on. ...I prefer American T.V. because they show more stupid commercials."

The Front utilize different types of media by sampling them, and in the process of collusion create a new media that they put on record for the people. It doesn't matter exactly what it is that they combine although it usually relates to something powerful or a potentially well-constructed scenario.

In "Funkadahfi", spoken tracks are separated from their politics and placed in collusion with other images to advertise a product which is present only in the mind of the consumer. Front 242's efforts can be placed in two different planes of analysis. Their work can be seen as a highly calculated philosophy based on subjective political expedient or as a collage of image provoking sounds.

"Every member of the band is putting part of himself into the project. If one of us had to leave it wouldn't be the same project at all."

Certainly this is evident in their live presence as Front 242 on stage. There are 2 different fronts within Front 242 operating at different levels even though the music and the concept is the same. Richard 23: "On stage we've got the power of the P.A. and we can, whoooosh!, express ourselves. We are more powerful and spontaneous on stage."

However the show is "really poor compared to what we want to do." In this aspect they do not fill in the gap between the boundary crushing progress of the studio and the pragmatic and economic confines of the stage with video. It would make them just another MTV pawn. "We prefer to stay archaic and strong rather than using a middle way."

"Touring is just as important a part in what we are as our records." The relationship that most bands engender between records and tours is the latter plugs the sale of the former. Here 242 remain outside the beaten track with an attitude secure in its premise of product over promotion. Richard 23: "We were about to release a new 12" before the tour but we were not satisfied with it. We told the record company not to release it and they said "Fine, but think about the Canadian/American market." The result is an upcoming 12" remix of Masterhit off their latest LP Official Version. In the absence of a viable product they have conceded to marketing pressures made especially severe in the aftermath of the cancelled American leg of ther North American tour.

On stage the Front projected a powerful image suited up to conquer the combat zone created between audience and performer. It was a performance akin to an Orwellian political rally led by Richard 23 on stage and Daniel B. in the rear balcony. Daniel B's task, second to none in the Front's live presentation, choreographed the antics of Richard, Jean-Luc, and Patrick through his vital soundmix spiced with keyboard and tape effects. Lasting for over an hour, the beat barrage left its victims dictated by Front 242's electronic body music.

Front 242 will soon tour Europe with Depech Mode. We laugh.

LAST CHANCE!
to send in your
$1.00
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Suite B-11
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7 NIGHTS TO ROCK

7 NIGHTS TO ROCK is a column and a radio show (starting soon on Sunday nights from 10:00pm to 11:45pm) devoted to roots music: rockabilly, rock 'n' roll '50's and '60s, blues, jug band music, plus doses fo country, R&B, early jazz, etc. Comments and corrections are invited, c/o Krak. This time, y'all, we meet with:

EDDIE BOND, THE "ROCKING DADDY"

Eddie Bond is a country singer from Memphis who has followed the market trends, though as he says "I never made out I was someone I wasn't." He was, like so many others in the 195's influenced by Elvis Presley's music and success, and added rockabilly to his repertoire of styles, which also includes gospel music. His versatile and expressive voice is suitable for all these styles, however, unlike many of the first rockabillies, the influence of black artists on his music was not direct, but came from other rockabilly artists. Eddie Bond enjoyed a limited success in the 1950's, but has, by his persistence, and ambition (he has appeared on more than 20 labels and has recorded more than 300 songs) been able to reap a larger gain the rockabilly revival, more so than many of his peers.

In the early and mid-50's, he was a regular on the Louisiana Hayride (a country music variety show like Nashville's Grand Ole Opry) in Shreveport, Louisiana, performing every Saturday night alongside Elvis, Johnny Horton, Johnny Cash, Roy Orbison and others. He also performed with his band, the Stompers, on the Big D Jamboree in Dallas, Texas, and on package tours in Memphis and Richmond, Virginia, along with such artists as Carl Perkins (" direct from the Perry Como TV show"), Roy Orbison and his Teen Kings, Warren Smith and Johnny Cash and the Tennessee Two. Other gigs included performances during intermission at drive-in movies from the roof of the concession stand.

Eddie first recorded in 1955 at age 22 for the Hollywood-based Ekko label. While playing at the Palms Club in Memphis, he was "discovered" by someone from that label who picked his material and took him to Nashville where he recorded four country songs. Two of them, "Double Duty Lovin'" and "Talking Off the Wall", recorded without drums, as was common for the style at the time, were also released in England and are still included in his live performances. These were fast songs, always a part of the country musician's repertoire. In the early '50's at dance gigs, Eddie says fast songs were mixed in after every couple of slow ones. (Nowadays at dance gigs, the ratio is more like five-of-ten fast songs to every slow one.) Also in 1955, Eddie and his group, with a recently-added drummer, made audition demos for the Sun company, but were unsuccessful in getting on that famous label.

In the wake of Elvis' move from Sun to RCA and his influential TV performances, most record companies were looking for similarly styled artists. His discs, on the Ekko Label, generated enough momentum to interest Mercury Records, and in early 1956 Eddie started recording rockabilly for them. Some sessions were in Nashville with studio musicians that included legendary guitarist Hank Garland. Eddie earned his rockabilly credentials with the songs "Slip Slip Slippin' In", "Boppin' Bonnie", "Flip Flop Mama" (which he co-authored), "Rockin' Daddy", a song composed by Texas rockabilly artist Sonny Fisher (which became Eddie's them song after the enthusiastic response to it at dances) and a version of Ray Charles' "I've Got a Woman", which Elvis had just recorded.

After three singles in 1956, the fourth and final Mercury record came in 1957. It was called "Hershey Bar" and exemplified the trend away from rockabilly, which was losing popularity, and towards cleaner more formularized songs specifically aimed at teenagers. Needless to say, of the Mercury songs mentioned, it is the only one which is not part of his current repertoire.

Eddie then recorded for a number of small labels, for example Memphis, K-Ark, Stomper Time, Diplomat, Tagg, etc. Some of these were his own companies, an approach also tried by other Memphis musicians such as Billy Riley, Bill Black, Roland Janes, and Sonny Burgess.

In 1962, he was finally able to fulfill his old ambition of recording for Sun when he did the album "Eddie Bond Sings Greatest Country Gospel Hits." He also recorded more than 20 other unissued titles, including some of the last rockabilly recorded at Sun (or anywhere else) for many years.

Around 1962, many rockabilly artists retired from music. The style was no longer commercially viable, and the British Invasion led by the Beatles, who, ironically, were very much inspired by rockabilly, soon proved that there wasn't much call for the home-grown American blend. Eddie did not retire but returned to country music, which he continues to perform and record, occasionally at the Grand Ole Opry. For a number of years he was intimately involved in the writing and the music for the movie "Walking Tall" and its sequel based on the story of Sheriff Buford Pusser. Radio is Eddie's first love, and he has been a disc jockey for many years, also editing a monthly entertainment newspaper called "The Riverfront." His involvement with the music industry, as well as his work as a television personality, have made him a well-known figure in the Memphis region, where he also ran for sheriff in 1974.

The first time I met him was at the Mid-South Folk Life Festival in Memphis in 1982, where he performed as "Eddie Bond and his Rockin' Friends From Memphis." It was a group of mostly veteran rockabillies which included singers Malcolm Yelvington, Marcus Van Story, Glenn Honeycutt, and Jerry Lee "Smoochie" Smith among others. At the time I asked Eddie if he considered himself a country or a rockabilly artist. His response could just as well have come from any of a couple of dozen singers when he said: "I'm country really, but I still do rockabilly as good as I ever did, and when I go to London I'm strictly a rockabilly."

The second time I met him was in the spring of 1983 in his office and private radio studio in the penthouse of the Falls Building in downtown Memphis overlooking the Mississippe River. He was broadcasting his morning radio show, one of the two he does everyday for different stations. He has been twice to Europe to tour, once to England and once to Holland, where he played the big Rockhouse Festival at Eindhoven. There he was billed as a Sun artist along with another Sun alumnus, Barbara Pittman, despite his more obvious claim to rockabilly fame from the work on Mercury. The audience was young and clad in exaggerated '50's style clothing and hair (pink hair for some).

During the English tour in 1982, Eddie recorded an all-rockabilly album called Night Train Back to Memphis and was backed by Dave Travis & the Bad River Bad. This is a very capable and sympathetic band which has accompanied almost all of the long list of touring rockabilly semi-obscurities which have been resurrected by European audiences. Though there is little time for rehearsing before concerts, Travis is completely familiar with the repertoires of the veterans and also the needs of the audience. The songs on the album were chosen by Dave Travis and include five Travis compositions, one remade song from Eddie's Mercury days, a song each by Roy Acuff and Johnny Horton, seven songs from very obscure 1950's artists taken from Dutch and English re-issue anthologies from the 1970's, and two by American revivalist Billy Hancock. All but a couple of these songs would be new to Eddy. Once again, it is the marketplace and audience expectations which determine the product. In this case, it is the younger, foreign musician re-defining the tradition by choosing the repertoire of the veteran. But, Eddy is willing, if it is what the audience wants, and the results are worthwhile. In 1983 Eddie subsequently produced a record in America of straight country music which he considers to be his best work.

After witnessing the fantastic response to his music overseas and a positive response at specific local festivals in America, Eddie sensed that the rockabilly revival could sustain an audience in Memphis. He then organized a regular Saturday night "Rockabilly Barn Dance" which started in September 1982. Despite a decent venue (Cook Convention Center), the sponsorship of Busch Beer, advertising on radio and television, and a cast of great musicians (including Charlie Feathers, Carl Perkins and most of the Rockin' Friends), the event did not draw a large enough crowd and the project expired after six weeks due to lack of interest. Out of a population of 750,000, Eddie estimates that there are only a few hundred people in Memphis who really like rockabilly nowadays. Also, some of the performers expressed dissatisfaction at playing for a drinking and dancing crowd, preferring concerts instead. Eddie says: "Memphis really don't give doodly squat about their own people. It don't impress them if Eddie Bond walks down through the Mall, or if it's Charlie Rich or Charlie Feathers, it just don't turn their heads. They never did a thing at all for Elvis until he died, and when he died everybody started talking Elvis Presley, Elvis Presley.... It's a shame that Elvis never even knew all the good things people said about him. The city put a statue down here for him, AFTER he died.

"Somebody said, 'Oh Eddie, you're so lucky, you get to go to Holland, they love you over there. They try to pull my rings off my fingers, just to get any kind of souvenir, grabbing and running. I guess you would say that's lucky except for one thing. It's a crying heart-breaking shame to think that you've got to go 6,000 miles round trip to make people appreciate you."

He has never played in Canada. Anybody interested?

by Craig Morrison from the forthcoming book Rockabilly Music And Its Makers. Craig is a member of the Royal Canadian Maple Saps and teaches History of Rock Music for McG□ continuing Education.

LIVE

SNFU
Station 10
Sept. 15th, 16th

I'm sure many of who attended had a similar experience to mine the morning of the 17th. I woke up, hungover, with about 42 bruises on my legs and a bootmark on my face, and thought "SNFU."

The Edmonton-based band played within the small confines of Station 10, providing solid high-energy hardcore with no particular political edge. The first evening ran in competition with the final Canada-Russian hockey game, so attendance was a little more than moderate. There were two sets the first night, though the vocals were somewhat muddled, they cleared the problem up the next evening. The second nights' attendance got to a point where they had to turn people away at the door. This venue can fill up pretty easily.

Both shows were basically no frills, with the exception of lead singer Chi-Pig's antics. There were some surprises such as beach balls and a very large bag of corn puffs (which incidentally, stick well to sweaty, spiked hair), and a roaring version of "Cannibal Cafe" got the place howlin'.

As I mentioned, the shows were well attended, though I couldn't help wondering where the CEGEP school bus was parked(there were some difficulties with under-agers). The crowd was generally good natured with only about two skinheads out to kill the dance floor. It was obvious that most had picked Station 10 those nights specifically to see one of Canada's best, at their best - and were not disappointed.

Egg

39 Steps / The Nils
Club Soda
September 19th

Some local bands keep such a low profile, it's sometimes easy to forget they're from our own backyard.

39 Steps is one of those bands. They last played Montreal back in June of last year at Club Soda, with not one other local gig since until this two night stand (Asexuals opened the first night) again at Club Soda.

Opening what seemed to be a promising evening, were those 'only-on-import' kids themselves, The Nils. Despite a few sound problems at the beginning, they turned out a strong performance of almost entirely new material. Songs such as "Sadness', 'Wicked Politician' and 'Bandits Calling' were standouts of a very impressive repertoire of new songs, throwing in 'Glory Daze' at the end for good measure. Singer Alex Soria had a fascinating stage presence. His intense, yet shy gaze makes for very interesting viewing. The Nils aren't very talkative on stage. Their message is their music, and it's a message they deliver very well.

After a couple of more beers, 39 Steps took stage amid a billow of dry ice and a flash of strobe light. Their music can be described as a double guitar rock assault dressed in black with the strong pounding of drummer Andre Gagne keeping everyone in step. The main attribute of this band is singer Chris Barry, always one for a good sneer, with a thing against mike stands. Though perhaps at times overdone, the Steps gave a solid performance. They've earned themselves a deal with BMG Records (formerly RCA) of Canada, and have released 'Slip Into the Crowd', which is a re-working of their old EP with added new material.

Their seminal-post-punk-goth approach has gotten them comparisons, mostly with The Lords of the New Church, but don't listen to any of that. They've managed to prove themselves, and Chris isn't even half as ugly as ol' Stiv. It basically comes down to one thing: you either love 'em or hate 'em. Considering that about 350 people came out to see these guys, only you can be the judge.

Patrick Hamou

FRONT 242
October 6
Spectrum

After ninety minutes of watching animal right activists lose their fight to neo-nazis, FRONT 242 burst onto the stage of the Spectrum with the excitement and fury of snails making love.

The pre-concert show consisted of a long set of animal rights music that sounded like it was being played from a walkman. If indeed someone was trying to swing sympathy with these tunes (most of which were good), they stuck their foot into their mouth and it came out through their ass when the follow-up was the Czechoslovakian Neo-Nazi group LAIBACH with their hideously sarcastic version of "Life is Life."

With this bad mix of music fading to where it belonged, the curtains were drawn and the 'band' slowly shuffled onto stage as their sequenced show began.

The musical punch that Front 242 lacks on their studio cuts still did not appear in their muddied stage show. The mix was pretty good, but the music lacked consistency and continuity. Considering the equipment they had at their disposal, they could have produced a much better "industrial" sound. Their ultimate effect was reminiscent of the "middle-of-the-road" conservative attitude of most commercial acts.

It is upsetting that the techno-pop culture has found its way into what should be a bastion of the fight against oppression. Any meaning the band could have had was lost in a pre-recorded display of trendiness, lacking courage and daring. The welding of a factory foreman to the stage was not expected, but would have been more interesting than watching nothing.

Patrick Codenys on keyboard seemed to be changing his program more often than he played the keys, and the only action he performed was to take off what looked like a baseball catcher's padding. Even the funny helmet he was wearing came off very early in the show.

The lead singer, Jean-Luc De Meyer, seemed to enjoy standing behind Patrick and looking gloomy. When he did sing, it was like he did not believe in what he was doing. It looked like all he was interested in was taking the money for the show. Again, this hypocrisy destroys any message the group would like to give.

The only quasi-motivating force of the concert was Richard 23, the drummer-vocalist. He MOVED and it felt like he cared about the music. He was INTERESTING. Although the drum track was pre-recorded and the little fills he added just emphasized this, at least he was doing something.

Yes, the sound was muddy and the lights didn't sync with the music, but at least as the crowd got stoned and drunk, they seemed to enjoy the concert more and more. In fact, after the incredibly disappointing finale (the music ended in a flurry AFTER the band had moseyed off stage), the encore seemed to be quite good. Or maybe I just didn't care anymore.

Myck

Just For Mom
Station 10
October 10th

Well, they look good-but can they play? Being the cynic that I am, this was the first thought that came to mind upon seeing Just For Mom at Station 10, October 10th. While I waited for the band to start, the fumes from the fog machine wafted up my nostrils, and I couldn't help but wonder how many hours the band had spent blow dry ing their hair, and who did their makeup.

To their credit, the band started promptly. Their slick exterior was reflected in the music, as they belted out pop/rock tunes somewhere along the lines of Duran Loves Jazzebel. They were impeccably tight, with good melodies, and Elvis Costello influenced lyrics.

The show belonged to Klark, the charismatic singer/percussionist, who had the audience captivated with his rhythmic dancing. His oh so brown eyes never stayed on one person, but darted around, as he swooned into his microphone. Every couple of songs, he would add impressive drum fills on his electronic and acoustic toms which were set up on one corner of the stage. These fit nicely with Dennis, the drummer's, steady beat.

Ian, the guitar player seemed incongruous. He was the only one without moused hair, and pretty-boy clothes, but looked rather like a down home John Fogerty type. Chomping on his gum, and as he got drunker, trying to smoke at the same time, he sweated and grinned a lot. The keyboardest, James, has as much energy as New Order in concert. He's accused, though, because this is one of his first gigs. I was told that Phil, the bassist, is often the talker of the band, but he didn't say much for the first set. In fact, the whole band, except for Klark, was relatively silent.

Things picked up for the second set, as the band caught up with Klark's energy, and started to converse with the audience. Towards the end of the night, they had loosened up and were cracking jokes. At this point, I began to like them more.

This is a band with charisma and style; they are not afraid to interact with the audience, or to have fun. But, I sincerely hope they don't lose their personality by becoming too slick and mechanical. They are definitely a good live band to see, check them out when they play Gert's sometime in the near future. Also watch for their upcoming EP.

Ronit Bezalel

the Leaving Trains
Oct. 23
Foufounes

The Leaving Trains have never been known for their smooth running shows. Their last tour (dubbed "The Let's All Climb Into A Big Van And Find America Tour") featured a riot, smashed guitars, mauled audiences, and ended somewhat tragically in Washington when the ban decided to have a fist-fight on stage. Needless to say, that incarnation of the band doesn't exist anymore. Instead "Falling" James Morland (so named because he had a losing fight with a staircase) brought Montreal three new musicians playing the same kind of stripped down rock 'n' roll. The tour name this time around was "The Fuck The World Tour."

They took over the Foufounes stage at quarter to eleven and demanded that the audience have a good time. Falling James' stage banter included lines like, "You're not much of an audience-but we're not much of a band either. So why don't we get together?!!" He did challenge and the audience did respond wholeheartedly... By the end of their set, The Leaving Trains and a bunch of sweaty thrashers had melted into one large party.

Their style and presentation did offend some. But when you think of all the great rock band personalities; Jerry Lee Lewis, The Stones, The Who, The Stooges, The Sex Pistols--you realize that confrontation was an integral part of their character--they used confrontation to heighten the impact and power of their music.

Yet a sense of trouble has always followed Falling James. The Leaving Trains formed in L.A. circa 1980, but since that time he's gone through some 29 different band members. Musically, they've always played their brand of 'bash'n'roll'. Nothing new, nothing to do with finesse-but everything to do with revved-up guitars.

Their first Lp, "Well Down The Blue Highway?" didn't do anything for anyone. It was their second Lp that stunned everyone. "kill Tunes" was an incredible blend of finely tuned melodies, sensitive anger/frustration and pure Americana. Robert Palmer of the New York Times (amongst others) even went so far as to put it on his best of '86 list.

The bands latest Lp, simply entitled "Fuck", is much in the same vein. The new members have the same melodic powers as the old but with an increased sonic oomph. To put it straightforwardly, The Leaving Trains approach can be summed up with one word: ATTACK...Catch 'em...

David Oaneia

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Community Access
Open
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Open
Programme Guide
Patrick Hamou
Chris Alexander (Advertising)

A collection of courageous albeit somewhat naive souls wandered into the wonderful world of FM radio this summer. The intrepid programmers of CKUT grappled with principles, alternatives, alterations, renovations, regulations, subjugations, transmissions, transmitters,etc... This gaggle of radio innocents were defrocked as the realities of organizing over 200 volunteers to produce at least 18 hours of programming 7 days every week were unveiled. But none of the hassles dampened the enthusiasm of CKUT staff. Optimism and hard work prevailed and the happy campers at CKUT have come through with the programming Montreal has been waiting to hear.

The local alternative music scene will be unearthed for those who don't really want to know Who That Girl is. And our definition of alternative is not limited to rock music but also encompasses classical, jazz, calypso, raggae, funk, blues and even Indian sitar music. A veritable smorgasbord of tunes.

CKUT is more than just a pretty turntable however. Over the much extended pre-FM period we have developed strong Public Affairs and Sports departments to cover Montreal like the proverbial blanket.

For sheer entertainment the original radio dramas and comedy shows, the bedtime stories, and literature/poetry programs are unparalled in Montreal.

CKUT has also ventured beyond the McGill University borders and will be bringing you a taste of some of the communities that make up the island of Montreal.

Although CFRM Radio McGill has existed for 26 years, the transition to CKUT 90.3 FM/ Radio McGill represents a rebirth. We expect some growing pains over the next couple of years and are counting on your words of support, encouragement, criticism and suggestion to guide us as we beam out that alternative programming over the airwaves at 90.3. Think about it, laugh at it, or rage at it...but above all DEAL WITH IT!!

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES

CKUT-FM/Radio McGill is a non-profit, member owned and operated corporation, whose primary purpose is to operate a licensed FM radio station. The mandate of CKUT-FM/Radio McGill , as an English language campus/community radio station, is to provide alternative programming to the island of Montreal and its surrounding communities.

CKUT-FM/Radio McGill is a volunteer organization which recognizes the essential contribution of its volunteers. CKUT-FM/ Radio McGill will support and service those volunteers.

CKUT-FM/Radio McGill will not broadcast any material that tends or is likely to subject an individual or a group or class of individuals to hatred or contempt on the basis of race, national or ethnic origin, colour, religion, sex, age, mental or physical disability, or sexual orientation. CKUT-FM/Radio McGill will only air such material within the context of a larger issue, and only when its use is necessary to the listening public's understanding of that issue.

CKUT-FM/Radio McGill is not a vehicle for promoting political or religious ideologies. Therefore CKUT-FM/Radio McGill will not grant airtime to those groups it deems as established and existing solely for the purpose of promoting such ideologies. This principle applies notwithstanding the provision of airtime to political parties during elections as stipulated in the C.R.T.C. Rules and Regulations.

CKUT-FM/Radio McGill will not air advertising from any individual or organization whom it believes promotes discrimination against an individual or a group or class of individuals on the basis of race, national or ethnic origin, colour, religion, sex, age, mental or phyical disbility, or sexual orientation.

CKUT-FM/Radio McGill will present programming of a nature and in a format not normally presented by commercial radio broadcasters or the C.B.C. CKUT-FM/Radio McGill will further promote programming emphasizing local and regional content.

CKUT-FM/Radio McGill will air material in a comprehensive, articulate context, while acknowledging viewpoints complementary to those heard elsewhere.

CKUT-FM/Radio McGill pledges to allow all members of Montreal student communities and the community at large equal access to the station and equal opportunity to participate in its programming.

CKUT-FM/Radio McGill is an amateur radio station. CKUT-FM/Radio McGill welcomes the contributions of media professionals as resources to the station and encourages them to explore facets of radio broadcasting outside their areas of expertise.

CKUT-FM/Radio McGill will provide training for all staff members to perform a function at the readio station. Furthermore, CKUT-FM/ Radio McGill shall endeavor to expose those staff members to all facets of CKUT-FM/ Radio McGill.

CKUT-FM/Radio McGill reserves the right to refuse or revoke membership to any group of individual whose behavior is deemed to be discriminatory against an individual or a group or class of individuals on the basis of race, national or ethnic origin, colour, religion, sex, age, mental or physical disability, or sexual orientation.

les foufounes électriques
Nov 12th - Video Night -Featuring Sisters of Mercy and 4AD artists
Nov 16th - Anonyme Sanrejet Vernissage
Nov 19th - The Return of DBC
Nov 20th - Skinny Puppy Party - Video Release
Nov 26th - Lard Bedaine & Chinese Backwards double bill
Nov 27th - Bamff
Nov 28th - Concordia Dance
Marathon - Noon - 3am
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